THE GREAT WAR



COMRADES IN ARMS

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COMRADES IN ARMS

A WAR BOOK

FOR INDIA

EDITED BY

JOHN TRAVERS (Mrs. G. H. BELL)

With 3 Maps

And 6 Illustrations by Captain J. S. Hicks, R.M.L.I.

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COMRADES IN ARMS

An Indian Soldier defending a wounded British Comrade

PREFACE

I have read with great pleasure *Comrades in Arms* and am very pleased to contribute to it a few lines by way of preface.

The deeds of the Indian Army, both in past campaigns and in the present great struggle, are too well-known to need eulogy from me. The record which may be read in the pages that follow is one of glory and self-sacrifice, and present and future soldiers will find in it a source of pride.

The soldiers of India have in many a hard-fought fight stood shoulder to shoulder with their brother soldiers of other parts of the Empire—hence the title "Comrades in Arms" is most apposite.

May the h'story of their deeds, so vividly depicted by the authors of this little work, encourage others of the Empire to emulate their endurance and valour.

C. C. MONRO,

General,

Commander-in-Chief in India.

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AUTHORS

JOHN TRAVERS.

Mr. EDMUND CANDLER (Eye-Witness, Mesopotamia).

Colonel W. P. DRURY, Royal Marines.

Major-General Sir GEORGE MACMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., C.S.I., G.O.C., Lines of Communication, Mesopotamia.

The Hon. Sir ARTHUR STANLEY, G.B.E., C.B., M.P., Chairman of the Joint War Committee of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John; and

J. S. KENNEDY BAXTER.

I

A HISTORY OF THE INDIAN ARMY

For many years to come the youth of all countries will listen to tales of the Great War and will study its history. Boys who leave school and college and return home to village or city will make a serious mistake if they think that they have left the acts of the Great War behind them, safely shut up in the pages of their text-books. Histories give us but a written account of past events, while all around us in our daily lives we see their results and meet their consequences. Indian boys who go to Peshawar, Quetta, Poona, Lucknow, or any large cantonment have the pride and pleasure of seeing Indian regiments, and when they see them it is a misfortune for them to be ignorant of the history of the Indian Army. That army was not born in a day, and it is nearly two hundred years since the time when its first sepoys were enrolled in Madras. The momentous hour when those few recruits became the soldiers of the Honourable East India Company was the result of many eventful years in which most of the great Powers of Europe made adventurous voyages to the coast of India.

It is necessary to see clearly how the decision that Englishmen should enlist Indians in their forces was arrived at, for from that point the present Indian Army has gradually been developed. It must be remembered that the decision was a mutual one: the East India Company wished to enlist Indians, and the recruits wished to serve them as soldiers. The history of an army is not a history of politics. An army has no politics. It has adventures, it has heroes; but those who would learn from its deeds and traditions all that it can

teach them of men and great events must not look only for thrilling stories of excitement and battle. Organization, hard daily drudgery, patience, obedience, comparative poverty in peace and hardship in war, form the life of an Army.

Picture the vast land of India in 1526. That year the great Mogul Emperor Babar conquered Delhi, but he was by no means the first formidable visitor. Thirty years before he overran the North a man from Portugal, named Vasco da Gama, made a long voyage and landed on the Malabar Coast. To this very day the little territory called Goa belongs to Portugal. At that period many Europeans sought adventure and wealth by sea, and Holland, having revolted against the power of Spain, sent her brave men sailing over distant oceans. They settled in Java and at the Cape of Good Hope, and in 1656 they established themselves in Ceylon and made themselves a power in India with their headquarters at Chinsura on the River Hugli. Spain was then a great naval power in Europe and she sent a very strong fleet, called the Armada, against England and got a good beating (1588). England was neither the first nor the last to think of sending ships east and west to make discoveries and to improve her trade; she took her time about it, but the year after she broke the Armada many important merchants asked the permission of their Queen, Elizabeth, to fit out a fleet to sail to the East and trade there. They received the Queen's consent to their proposal, but they, too, were cautious and in no haste and it was not till twenty years had passed that Captain Hawkins and his good ship *Hector* arrived not far from Bombay and established a trading centre at Surat (1608). Thus, exactly eighty-one years after the Mogul invaders had made themselves masters of Delhi and the North, Englishmen, representing England's merchants and sailors, arrived on India's western shore and made no attempt to acquire territory.

It is easy for us, who have lived during the Great War, to realize what sea power means. Anyone who has had difficulty in buying what he wants in the bazaar during the war is aware how much merchandise comes to India by ship, and that if the ships are employed in transporting soldiers and munitions of war, this fact effects the trade of many countries. Until the European Powers began to send their ships to India it was not possible for India's trade with Europe to be a flourishing one. We have learnt what 'piracy' is from the dreadful deeds of Germany in sinking the unarmed merchant ships of the Allies and Neutral Powers, and it is not difficult for us to imagine how, three hundred years ago, every merchant ship had to be armed for protection. The ships of Spain, Portugal, Holland, France and England had many a thrilling fight with each other on their way to the East, and if Great Britain had not been very brave and strong at sea in those days her Honourable East India Company could not have established itself in India. Neither would there have been any Indian Army, such as we see to-day, which has sailed to Africa, Europe and Mesopotamia, thanks to the power of the British Navy.

Five years after the Dutch took Ceylon, Bombay became the property of Charles II, King of England (1661). It was part of the dowry of his wife, Queen Catharine, and was given by the Crown of Portugal as her marriage portion. In order to accept the gift graciously and with due ceremony, King Charles sent four hundred soldiers in a big fleet to take formal possession. These were the first soldiers of an English Sovereign to land in India. The King, however, very soon handed over the island of Bombay to the Company on condition that a yearly rent of ten pounds (Rs. 150) in gold was paid regularly by the Company every year on September 30! As a journey by land through India was more difficult and dangerous than a voyage round the coast, English ships sailed

to Madras and up the Hugli, and a Mr. Charnock, of the East-India Company, established a trading centre at Calcutta with a guard of thirty soldiers (1690). At that date there was a larger guard at Fort St. George (Madras), where the Company had a garrison of two hundred and fifty Europeans. Bombay had only a handful of men, but was protected by a very powerful fleet. All around these isolated British merchants and their little guards, were far more formidable forces. The French had thirteen hundred armed men near Madras and the Dutch had four thousand. In the neighbourhood of Bombay there were huge armies, for the old Mogul Emperor Aurangzeb was fighting with the bold Maratha, Shivaji. Shivaji was the son of a man of good family. He was born in 1627 and was brought up at Poona. For forty years he and his Marathas waged war on the Moguls, and the ravages of the two forces kept great regions in a state of misery and unrest. Till the end of the seventeenth century, while big armies of Asiatics fought inland, European merchants with very little bloodshed were acquiring trading places on the coast. We can be quite certain that the English merchants were not oppressive, when we compare their tiny forces with the armed masses then existing in India.

The Marathas eventually defeated the Moguls near Ahmadabad and the whole of Hindustan fell into confusion. In 1738, the Peshwa threatened Delhi, but a stronger power than he, Nadir Shah, who had usurped the throne of Persia, invaded the north of India and the next year entered Delhi and slew one hundred thousand people there. He then left, carrying off the peacock throne and retaining the territories of Mahomed Shah—Delhi's weak Emperor—which lay west of the Indus. This invader killed more Indians in his three days' slaughter in Delhi than have fallen in action against Germany and her allies during three years of war. No Indian woman or child has been slain by an armed foe

since August, 1914. In contrasting these facts readers can realize the difference between sending expeditionary forces against a foe and being invaded by a foe. The onslaught of Nadir Shah left the power of the ruler of Delhi much weakened. Bengal and Oudh broke away from the control of the Emperor. In the North the Sikhs began to develop some power and importance. Moguls, Marathas, Rohillas, all attacked each other fiercely with large and undisciplined bodies of men, and nearly all the contending Eastern powers employed a few European adventurers to lead and organize their armed crowds. The French, in the south of India, began to employ Indians as soldiers, and by 1740 they had four thousand of them, all of whom were Mahomedans. To this day France has many thousands of Mahomedan soldiers, recruited in Africa, fighting by her side in Europe, under the command of French officers. France held Pondicherry, and when France and England went to war with each other in Europe and the news of it reached Dupleix—the Governor of Pondicherry—the French and English forces in India promptly fought too, just as British and German forces have fought in Africa during the Great War. The French took Madras from the English, which by no means pleased the Nawab of the Carnatic, who showed much friendship to the handful of English people at Fort St. George. The great young Englishman, Clive, had landed in India in 1744 and his influence had a far-reaching effect on the fortunes of the army.

BIRTHDAY OF THE INDIAN ARMY

It was in January, 1748, that Major Stringer Lawrence of the East India Company first enlisted Indian recruits, near Madras. It is a pity that we do not know the names of the young men whose enlistment has led the way to honourable and distinguished service for many thousands of Indian soldiers during over one hundred and sixty years. In seven

months, two thousand sepoys were enlisted and in August these inexperienced recruits were reinforced by the arrival from England of a powerful fleet under Admiral Boscawen, which brought marines and gunners to strengthen the weak force in Madras. These forces took the field together and from August 30 to September 30 besieged the French in Pondicherry, during the hot rains. The British lost 757 European infantry, 43 gunners, and 265 seamen, but failed to take Pondicherry. The newly raised regiment of Indians did not prove very useful, probably because the raw soldiers did not know their British officers well and had not been long enough under military discipline. Peace was declared in Europe in 1748 and Madras was restored to the Company the next year. France remained very strong in the South.

In 1754, an event of great importance in the Army's history should be noted. The Navy brought to India reinforcements which consisted of two hundred recruits for the Company, a few gunners, and a Royal Regiment. By Royal Regiment is meant a regular battalion of the Crown's Army. This was the first British regiment of the Crown to garrison and fight in India. It was then known as the 39th and it is now called the 1st Battalion, Dorset Regiment. Nearly a hundred and fifty years elapsed between the day when Captain Hawkins of the East India Company arrived in India and the day when England was represented in India by a regiment of regular soldiers.

The first battle of real importance to India and England in which British and Indian forces fought side by side as comrades in arms was the Battle of Plassey in 1757. After the disappointing attempt to take Pondicherry, Clive had worked hard to improve his small force of Indians. They were supplied with arms by the Company and their officers took a keen interest in them. In June, 1756, a tragedy took place at Calcutta known to history as the 'Black Hole of Calcutta.'

The Nawab of Bengal, Suraj-ud-daula, having overwhelmed the handful of Englishmen in the city, thrust one hundred and forty-six persons into a tiny room, eighteen feet square. Next day only twenty-three of the victims were taken out alive. News travelled slowly, but when two months later the Company at Madras heard what had happened they were horrified and in October dispatched a punitive expedition to Bengal. This was the first expedition in which sepoys went on active service by sea. They and the English soldiers were transported to Bengal by a fleet under the command of Admiral Watson. Clive commanded the Company's troops, which consisted of eight hundred English and one thousand Indian soldiers. Two hundred and fifty men of the King's Regiment went with them. Three of the Company's ships accompanied the fleet, which arrived on December 15, and by January 2 Admiral Watson was Governor of Fort William in the King's name.

While these events were taking place France and England again went to war in Europe, with the result that the British and Indian forces in Calcutta found that they were not only in conflict with the Nawab of Bengal and his large army but with the French at Chandernagore, who were very strong in artillery. Chandernagore was at that time a more flourishing place than Calcutta. Clive fought with such skill and resolution near Budge-Budge and the Dum-Dum road that by February the Nawab was submissive, but he continued to intrigue against the British. By March, Chandernagore was in the hands of Clive, who showed the greatest courtesy and consideration to the defeated French force. Clive was a splendid man, full of sympathy and insight, and endowed with qualities which attracted the interest, admiration, and respect of soldiers. His British and his Indian troops followed his personal leadership with fidelity and eagerness. His praise gave honour and his censure disgrace. The

Indians called him "The Daring in War" and England to this day regards him with pride and gratitude. While engaged in so keen a struggle Clive found time to raise another regiment of Indian soldiers, which was called the First Regiment of Bengal Infantry. It was called 'of Bengal' because it was raised in Bengal, but there were few Bengalis in it. Pathans, Jats, Rajputs, and one or two Brahmans joined the new regiment. The majority were Mahomedans. These were in many cases the sons of fighting men who had come roving down to Calcutta with previous armies of Mogul conquest from the North. Or they were men who had themselves belonged to those armies, and who, for various reasons, had remained in Bengal. It is easy to see a dozen motives for their separation from the forces to which they originally had belonged. In those days a sick man or a wounded man fell away from badly organized armies like a leaf blown from a tree and nobody bothered about him. The army departed and left him behind. Also private quarrels led men to desert, for they had no strong family bond with the force to which they attached themselves and they were not carefully organized into regiments, and did not care for the name of their regiment. Some fighting men had their own misfortunes and disappointments in the North and had come to Bengal to seek a new chance. This they found under the command of Clive. These sepoys were given arms and uniforms and were drilled and trained. They were led by British officers and by their own officers. They now belonged to a regiment that was cared for and not tossed aside when peace was restored, and to-day we can read about the brave actions which they performed.

The Battle of Plassey was fought not far from Calcutta and near to a little mango grove on a very hot day in June, 1757. Clive commanded, and his force consisted of about one thousand European infantry and artillery, with whom

were fifty sailors and seventeen midshipmen from the Navy. A midshipman is a junior officer in the navy and is about sixteen years old. There were also two thousand Indian soldiers from Madras and the new Bengal infantry regiment. The Nawab of Bengal had fifty thousand infantry and eighteen thousand horse. Many foreigners were fighting for him and in his cavalry there were Persians and Moguls. His big army must have been an unpleasant visitor, for it was accompanied by armed plunderers called 'Lootchees,' who followed its fortunes for the sake of robbery. The Nawab's artillery was dragged about by oxen, who were helped by clever and well-trained elephants. About fifty Frenchmen were with his army, chiefly as gunners. The Nawab attacked the British at dawn. At first the British forces got the worst of the contest, but our gunners held the enemy at bay and soon began to inflict great losses upon them. The midshipmen and the sailors helped to work the guns and Clive decided to fire at the enemy all day and attack at night with the bayonet. The Nawab sat in his tent and everybody told him pleasant lies and assured him that he would win the battle. At last his chief officer, Mir Jafar Khan, boldly told him the truth. The Nawab cast his turban upon the ground and said, "That turban you must defend!" He did not wait to defend it himself, but mounted a trotting camel and hurriedly fled with a bodyguard of cavalry as escort. Mir Jafar Khan returned to the troops, but by five o'clock in the evening the English were in full possession of the Nawab's entrenched camp, and masters of his baggage, stores, and equipment, while his troops were scattered and in flight. The casualties were small: only 7 English and 16 Indian soldiers were killed, and 13 English and 36 Indian soldiers wounded. The enemy lost about 500 killed, and the wounded were in proportion. It is very interesting that the Battle of Plassey (which made the British the strongest power in

Bengal) was won by men of the King's army and navy, men of the Company's service, and men of Madras and Bengal regiments, *fighting for the first time as comrades in arms.*

At the end of June, Clive had Mir Jafar proclaimed Nawab of Bengal; but he intrigued with the Dutch against the English and for this reason and for his mismanagement he was deposed in 1760. The Dutch were annoyed at the supreme power of the British and challenged them. But the British and Indian soldiers defeated the men from Holland by land and the Navy captured their ships in the River Hugli. Mir Jafar was succeeded by Mir Kasim, who was an able man but had trouble with the officials of the Company. Hostilities began towards the end of June, 1763. A British force attacked the citadel of Patna and was in turn attacked and defeated by the Nawab, who put the prisoners to death some weeks later. The authorities at Calcutta restored Mir Jafar to power and the army fought Mir Kasim in several successful actions. He fled to Oudh. In 1764 Mir Kasim and the Nawab of Oudh fought a pitched battle with the regiments of the Company, some marines, and three King's regiments, at Buxar and were defeated. Mir Jafar died in 1765 and Mir Kasim in 1777. In 1765 the British forces advanced against the Nawab of Oudh, and Allahabad was surrendered to them after a feeble resistance. Thus in seventeen years the British and Indian regiments of the King and the Company had been led by a series of sudden events from Madras to Allahabad. They had bravely faced every emergency and had been victorious in arms.

It is sad to have to relate that in 1764 some of the Indian soldiers were guilty of mutiny, the most disgraceful of all crimes in a soldier, but by far the greater part were true to their salt. It is sometimes asked, "What binds a man to the Army? Is it the pay, or the pension? Is it the hope of fame or the love of adventure?" The reply is simply

this—" Pay and pension, fame and adventure,—these things attract a young man to the Army, but it is his own oath which binds him to it as a man of honour." The taking of the oath by a recruit was, and is, a very solemn ceremony. His company had to be under arms with its officers at its head and the Colours advanced six paces at the centre of the front. The recruit stood two paces in front of the Colours and with him stood the man of his religion or caste who administered the oath to him. In a loud voice the recruit then made this vow—" I . . . . do swear to serve the Honourable Company faithfully and truly against all their enemies while I continue to receive their pay and eat their salt. I do swear to obey all the orders I may receive from my Commanders and Officers, never to forsake my post, abandon my Colours, or turn my back to my enemies, and that I will in all things behave myself like a good and faithful sepoy in perfect obedience at all times to the rules and customs of War ". In such words dwells the spirit of heroic sacrifice in war and disciplined good order in peace. No wonder then that we speak of the work of soldiers in the Army as their 'service', and of the Army as 'the service', for in its strong fellowship men serve the state most splendidly, to the immortal honour of their names.

In the Military Regulations which came into operation in 1766 we find a note on recruiting which says that the sepoys 'if possible are to be chosen from among Rajputs or Mahomedans and men from Buxar', and in General Orders there is the following remark addressed to the British officers of Indian regiments :—" This service is regarded as equally honourable and essential as the command of Europeans".

Indian regiments have been numbered and re-numbered so often that it is very confusing to try to remember all the designations by which they were known in the eighteenth century. At that time many of the Madras battalions were

known as Carnatic regiments, just as some are now. Old army records remain, and, as an example of the close personal interest which was given to the training of Indian units from the first, here is a report signed on January 20, 1771, by Brigadier-General Smith. The General is reporting on a regiment then known as the 10th Regiment, Madras Native Infantry, which was stationed at Trichinopoly and commanded by a Captain Thomas Bruce.

"Present under arms 848. On duty and awkward 122. Sick present 59. Sick absent 7. Absent with leave 2. Grand total 1036.

REMARKS:—

British Officers:—Those with the Grenadiers armed with fusees, the battalion officers with swords. Salute pretty well. Uniformly dressed, appear ready at their exercise. Some officers very young, but promise to make a good corps.

Indian Officers:—Armed with swords, the Grenadiers excepted. Uniformly dressed. Appear ready at their exercise. The Commandant in particular expert at his business, and the whole make a good appearance.

Sergeants:—Clean dressed. Armed with swords by their sides and each with a rattan by his side.

Sepoys:—The greatest part well-sized men. In the centre rank some low-sized men. In general pretty well limbed. Sized very well in the ranks, which adds greatly to their appearance. Non-commissioned officers tolerably expert. Drummers beat indifferently.

Exercise:—Performed well and in good time. March, form, and wheel well, but rather slow.

Manoeuvres:—Performed pretty well, but rather slower than middle time.

Recruits:—Very likely men and will improve the battalion.

Complaints :—None, except of the badness of the arms.

This battalion appears to be a very good one, and after getting some of the arms repaired and others exchanged will be fit for field service."

While that regiment was being inspected it little thought that nearly one hundred and fifty years later its report would be read with interest by the youth of India!

More Royal Regiments from time to time reinforced the Company's regiments and in 1783 the 58th and 101st Foot joined His Majesty's 73rd Highlanders in Madras. The regiment known in the early years of the Company's army as the Bengal European Regiment is now called the Royal Munster Fusiliers. This is a brief list of its most glorious services to the Empire—Battle of Plassey, Battle of Patna, Defeat of Dutch, Battle of Buxar, Capture of the Fort of Allahabad, Battle of Porto Novo, Rohilkand, Capture of Gwalior, Nepal War, Pindari War, Capture of Bharatpur, Ferozeshah, Sobraon, Punjab Campaign, Battle of Chilianwala, Battle of Gujrat, Capture and Relief of Pegu, Siege of Delhi, Siege of Lucknow. And no regiment has surpassed the Royal Munster Fusiliers in the splendour of its courage and fortitude during the Great War. Its soldiers are recruited from Ireland.

There had been comparative peace since 1765 but this was broken by a formidable foe, Haidar Ali. He went to war with the Marathas first, and then with the British. He made himself the ruling power in Mysore and he intrigued with the Nizam of Hyderabad, and out of all the plots and plans there grew up a strong triple alliance, the Nizam, the Marathas, and Haidar Ali, against the British. In 1780, he swept into the Carnatic with a force of 80,000 men and met with much success. He died in 1782 and was succeeded by his son Tipoo, who attacked Travancore in 1789. The following year the Company decided on drastic action and in

1791 they took Bangalore with small loss at the point of the bayonet. Seringapatam was not taken till some years later (1799).

Here we must pause to consider the development of the Indian Army between the years 1748 and 1800. Men do not serve as soldiers for fifty years, so there can have been no sepoys in the numerous regiments of Madras and Bengal in 1800 who had fought at Pondicherry in the year that Lawrence raised the first Indian regiment. The Madras, Bengal, and Bombay battalions were no longer uncouth and lacking in that military virtue—smartness. The European regiments of the Company had increased in numbers and greatly improved in discipline. The names of British officers of Indian regiments became famous for their gallantry and fine service. They were men who could not be bribed. Their impartial justice enforced military discipline, and their integrity safeguarded the pay and equipment of the fighting men. Frequently their sons and their sons' sons returned to India and served in their fathers' regiments. Shoulder to shoulder they shared with Indian soldiers of their battalions heat and long march, camp and battlefield, victory and wounds. British officers and Indian officers and men met as youths and parted as veterans after twenty or thirty years of comradeship in which they handled the same weapons, faced the same foes, belonged to the same brotherhood of the Army. Many of their descendants have led brave sepoys in the Great War. For instance the gallant 45th Sikhs was raised in 1857 by a splendid officer, Colonel Rattray, and is called after him 'Rattray's Sikhs' in the Army List. In Mesopotamia in 1917 the regiment was led most gloriously into action by his brave son, Colonel Rattray, who gave his life for his King and Country. He has left one little son, who will probably join the 45th Sikhs when he is old enough to do so.

We, who have seen Great Britain raise an army of five million men in less than three years, need feel no surprise that in fifty struggling years in India the British forces had increased from a mere handful of isolated men forming local guards to sixty-four thousand men in Bengal, the same number in Madras, and twenty-six thousand in Bombay. Of the total force one hundred and thirty thousand were Indian soldiers. Among the units were cavalry regiments and some artillery. A great military organization had developed, which enabled the Indian Army to meet with success the superior numbers of the many enemies to whom it was so constantly opposed. Conditions then differed greatly from those prevailing now. There was no telegraphic communication, and sailing ships took about six months to reach India from England. There were British doctors with Indian troops, though the Indian Medical Service did not exist then; but there was no chloroform and no disinfectants; all surgery was terribly painful and few operations were successful. British soldiers who were sick or wounded had no nurses to take care of them and help them to recover. Transport without good roads and without railways was a difficult problem to solve, and by land an army could move no quicker than its infantry could march.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century Europe was struggling in the wars of Napoleon, and until we experienced the gigantic combats of the Great War all military students looked upon that period as the most tremendous and important contest of civilization. Probably, however, the Indian soldiers did not trouble themselves over the European war, though they themselves took part in four Overseas Expeditions. The first was to Egypt in 1801, when a detachment of artillery and a detachment of a Pioneer regiment were sent West. They were present at the surrender of Alexandria

and received a medal. Eight years later troops from Madras embarked on an expedition against the French in Mauritius. The little force consisted of 113 British officers, 2,253 British soldiers, and 1,244 Indian soldiers. Most of the troops were King's regiments. The expedition was arduous, but completely successful, and Mauritius still remains in our possession. A medal was given. The following year (1811), an expedition sailed from Madras for the Bay of Batavia in Java, and defeated the French and Dutch there. On September 17, the enemy surrendered and the island of Java and its dependencies were ceded to Great Britain. Though Java is the richest island in the world, England generously restored her conquest to the Dutch in 1816, when the power of Great Britain was very strong in Europe after the victory of Waterloo, in which she defeated Napoleon.

About this time it was considered necessary to put an end to the state of disorder which for over a dozen years had kept Ceylon in a ferment, and in 1818 a fourth overseas expedition was sent from Madras to reinforce the troops which were already fighting in Ceylon. Madras troops took part in a little skirmishing and endured considerable hardships. The Ceylon rebellion was put down and the expeditionary force was thanked. In these overseas expeditions a hundred years ago Indian soldiers became travellers, and, though they were quite uneducated men as far as the study of books goes, they went on long voyages by sea to foreign lands, which is in itself a most valuable education.

At this time in India the most formidable enemy of the British and Indian forces in the field was the Peshwa. His activities involved them in long and exhausting campaigns against his marauding armies and against those of his most powerful allies, Holkar and Scindia. Since the Battle of Plassey no action had taken place which merited such fame

or achieved such decisive results as the pitched battle fought in 1803 and known to history as the Battle of Assaye. Major-General Arthur Wellesley was in command of the British forces. He afterwards became the Duke of Wellington, defeated Napoleon at Waterloo, and was for many years Prime Minister of England. Great Britain has never grudged her best soldiers to the service of India. Wellington, Roberts, Kitchener, Haig, have all worked for the development and glory of the Indian Army and their names are known to all the Great Powers, east and west. When the Battle of Assaye was fought we had a total of 150,000 soldiers in India, but as it was necessary to employ them in many different parts of vast provinces, General Wellesley had only between five and six thousand men at hand with whom to oppose the enemy. Reinforcements were difficult to obtain in those days, for it took many months to move them from the south to the most northerly points of the Company's sphere of action, which were roughly Allahabad in the east and Ahmadnagar in the west. The little force assembled near the village of Assaye must have been very splendid to behold, for at that time British officers did not wear khaki; they, and the British soldiers, went into action wearing tight-fitting scarlet tunics which must have been very hot and uncomfortable. The enemy's forces occupied the whole space between two rivers, and the village was strongly held by infantry. One hundred guns defended their main position and it was no child's play to defeat them. His Majesty's 19th Dragoons and two Royal Infantry regiments fought at Assaye, as well as the horse, foot, and guns of the Company. The foe were plucky, but they had to fall back before a bayonet charge of our infantry, right back to their guns and beyond, with cavalry in hot pursuit. The brave Maratha gunners feigned death and, flinging themselves upon the ground, were ridden over by our cavalry. Then those who

were uninjured sprang to their feet and fired their guns into our rear! A charge by a Highland Regiment (men recruited from the hills of Scotland) turned the scale at that critical moment and the Battle of Assaye ended in a decisive victory for the Company.

The Duke of Wellington wrote to a friend: "The battle was the fiercest that has been seen in India. Our troops behaved admirably. Our sepoys astonished me." There is a fine story about a Bombay regiment which was a favourite of the Duke's and was often called 'Wellesley ke pultan,' now the 104th Rifles. After the action a British officer saw a group of Mahomedan soldiers about to bury some comrades. He asked the names of the fallen, and was told that they were five brothers, officers and non-commissioned officers of the regiment. The British officer expressed his deep sympathy, but one of the mourners replied, "There is no need to grieve. These men were soldiers and they died doing their duty. The Government whom they served will protect their sons, who will soon fill their places in our regiment." Those words are not yet forgotten though they were spoken one hundred years ago. The word 'Assaye' is borne on the Colours of the regiments engaged, among whom are those now known as the 62nd Punjabis, 64th Pioneers, and 84th Punjabis. From that day to this there can never have been less than eight hundred men in each regiment, and there cannot have been one man among them who did not feel pride in that little word on the Colours. The Army has always prided itself on being a noble school for well-bred manners and all soldiers treat the Colours of their own or another regiment with the deepest respect and ceremonious courtesy. A General does so no less than the latest-joined recruit.

Continual raiding and skirmishing in Malwa and Gujrat lasted till 1806 and these struggles led to the enlistment of Rajput soldiers in the Indian Army; and an expedition sent

to Nepal, while Lord Hastings was Governor-General, gave us the invaluable services of the Gurkha soldier.

In the far north, beyond the limit of the Governor-General's rule, Ranjit Singh began in 1809-10 to form regular battalions of Sikhs and Gurkhas, and soldiers from Hindustan. Each battalion had its Commanding Officer and its Adjutant and was about 700 strong, but it was not till thirty years later that the army of the Khalsa numbered 50,000 and was strong in artillery.

In 1818 the trouble with the Pindaris was finally settled. They were originally armed robbers, but they gradually became the paid raiders of the various Maratha Powers who granted to them the disgraceful privilege of unlimited plunder. The Indian regiments of the Company helped to relieve the peaceful inhabitants of the scourge, just as the Indian regiments to-day help to maintain order on the North-West Frontier and put down raiding there. The Pindari leaders were chiefly Mahomedans, but the most able of them, Chitu, was a Jat. Their men were of every religion and caste to be found in the Deccan and Central India and the Southern Maratha country. It must be admitted that they raided and burnt and tortured and plundered. Various gallant columns went against them and restored peace. The campaign against the Pindaris roused the Marathas to a final rebellion, but Sir John Malcolm defeated the Peshwa, who was brought to the Governor-General at Mhow as a prisoner and received generous treatment. He died in 1853 and left one very evil adopted son, who is known to history as Nana Sahib and who behaved with terrible cruelty and treachery during the Mutiny. With Sir John Malcolm was the Indian regiment called Skinner's Horse which has such a splendid name in the annals of the Indian Army.

The rank of Subadar-Major was first granted in 1817, and is now an honour that has been held by Indians for

more than one hundred years. In 1837 the Order of British India was first instituted. It was divided into two classes with 100 members and was granted to Indian Officers with long and fine service. The Order of Merit was instituted at the same date and was only granted for conspicuous bravery in action. It was divided into three classes. Those Indian boys who have relations or friends who hold the Order of British India should feel very proud of them, and such as have fathers or grandfathers who possess the Order of Merit should know that they are the sons or the grandsons of heroes and have a big responsibility to maintain the great honour of their name.

By 1824, the Army of India had sheathed its sword in Madras, Bengal and the Bombay Presidency, and the civil power kept law and order in those regions and as far north as Mhow and beyond. But on its frontiers it came into conflict with the fighting men of the Punjab and of Burma and of Sind, and so the next fifty years were years of constant warfare. However, military expeditions no longer engaged the whole army, which had grown so large that only a portion of its force was sent on active service.

In 1824, quite a big expedition was sent against the Burmese, who had attacked our frontiers. Peace was not concluded for two years and a half and the regiments suffered as much from fever as from the foe. While they were engaged in their slowly won contests, senseless rumours spread all over India, declaring that the power of the British Raj was about to end. This belief led to uprisings, tumults and intrigues, and serious trouble took place at Bharatpur and among the Khols in Chota Nagpur and at Jhansi between 1824 and 1838. Our arms were everywhere successful and in the fighting at Bharatpur the Gurkhas (especially the Sirmoor Rifles, now known as the 2nd King Edward's Own Gurkha Rifles) won a name for themselves which they have kept for nearly 100

years and have taught the Germans and the Turks to dread in this Great War. Action was taken against the Shekhawatis and a corps was raised for local work called the Shekhawati Regiment; it is now known as the gallant 13th Rajputs. A Hyderabad contingent had been raised in 1800 and had been maintained by the Nizam, 9,000 horse and 6,000 foot. In 1853 these troops became practically part of the Indian Army. The 94th and 95th Russell's Infantry, the 96th Berar Infantry, the 97th Deccan Infantry, the 98th Infantry, and the 99th Deccan Infantry are all formed from the old Hyderabad contingent, as are the 20th Deccan Horse and the 29th and 30th Lancers.

The first Afghan War began in 1838. The British Government had decided to restore Shah Shuja-ul-Mulk to his throne. Some new corps were raised to meet the needs of the time and among them was the Kelat-I-Ghilzie Regiment, now known as the fine 12th Pioneers, all splendid in scarlet with black facings. The Army assembled at Ferozepore (mark how far north the regiments now camped) in November, and a Sikh contingent of 6,000 fighting men assembled at Peshawar and was commanded by a British Colonel. This is the first time that a body of Sikh soldiers served the British Raj. The Indus was crossed by a bridge of boats, as it is to-day at Dera Ismail Khan. The Bolan Pass saw a British Army for the first time and Quetta was reached. The little force passed on to Kandahar and in the heat of July took Ghazni by storm. The victorious army then moved on to Kabul and Shah Suja was placed on his throne. Three weeks later the force from Peshawar joined them, after fighting its way through the Khaiber Pass and taking Ali Masjid with a loss of about 150 men. To-day every soldier and every son of a soldier is familiar with the names of the Bolan Pass and the Khaiber Pass, and large military forces are stationed at Quetta and Peshawar, but it is inspiring to look back

on the first splendid adventures of the Queen's regiments and the Company's regiments in those places.

The main body of the Army returned to India in January, 1840, but a force had to remain for a time in Afghanistan and Baluchistan. Sind and Baluchistan were subdued, and British influence became permanent after the battle of Miani in 1843, when the 35th Scinde Horse and the 36th Jacob's Horse made a magnificent charge and drove the enemy from the field of battle. To this day the Scinde Horse carry the standards which they captured in that battle, and it is round these trophies that the young sowars of the regiment make their vows on being promoted from recruits to the full fellowship of attested soldiers of the King.

In Afghanistan the small army of occupation was soon dreadfully isolated and driven to bay against overwhelming numbers. The fierce tribesmen cut the communications to India and Sir Robert Sale set out with a small brigade to clear the roads and passes. On his way to Gandamak we read of an incident which shows us that the spirit of our officers in Afghanistan then was the same as the spirit which inspires them to-day, for a Captain Wyndham was killed in a gallant attempt to save the life of a wounded sepoy. A post called Charikar was cut off from the main force, and when its little garrison could no longer resist the enemy, they tried to fight their way through to Kabul. Only two British officers and one Gurkha reached the city. One hundred and sixty-five Gurkhas were "missing" and scattered all over the wild country side : they survived and, with great spirit refusing to despair, managed to rejoin the army one by one the following year. All the wounded and women and children were slain by the enemy. The son of the deposed Amir brought so large a force against Kabul that the British garrison were obliged to agree to withdraw. The story of their retreat is a terrible one. Although granted safe-conduct by the foe they

were set upon day after day and night after night by the Afghans and attacked as a lonely man might be set upon by wolves and torn to pieces. In the snow, weary and almost defenceless, they fell one by one. Only one exhausted man, Assistant Surgeon Brydon, survived and reached Jalalabad with the terrible news. Sir Robert Sale held Jalalabad proudly for seventeen awful months, while a relieving army fought its way from India to the rescue. Queen's regiments and the regiments of the Company once more fiercely attacked Ali Masjid and all the mountain passes. Kabul again passed into the hands of the British and its great bazaar was blown up as a punishment. The whole of our army then withdrew to India and reached the Punjab safely. Several officers who had fought at Waterloo commanded brigades and regiments in the first Afghan War.

The first war with China in which Indian troops were engaged took place in 1840-2. Madras regiments reached Hong Kong and after the enemy was defeated withdrew to India and received a medal.

Conflict with the State of Gwalior led to the final fight with the Marathas in 1843. General Sir Hugh Gough held a high command, and after victories at Maharajpur and Paniar peace was permanently established.

The British forces in India had grown from little armed posts in Madras, Bombay, and Calcutta to a fine army, Queen's regiments and regiments of the Company. They were quartered in cantonments south and east and west and as far north as Umballa and Ferozepore. There was a Governor-General and a Commander-in-Chief. Indian regiments had fought in Mauritius, Java, Ceylon, Egypt, Burma, and Afghanistan, always led by British officers. And now, in 1845, this fine force, British and Indian, was involved in a tremendous struggle with the Sikhs. The army of the Khalsa was well equipped, according to the standard of those days,

and was formidable in artillery. We all realize nowadays the importance of guns and munitions. The troops were keen soldiers and glad to fight. They had the advantage of fighting in their own land, in their own climate. The British regiments fought in a foreign land and in those days had no railway communications and no steamship service to bring them reinforcements. Nor could they telegraph their urgent requirements to England! For the first time soldiers from Madras, Bombay, Central India, and the United Provinces were brought into conflict with excellent artillery. The British Force proved victorious in six pitched battles, Mudki, Ferozeshah, Aliwal, Sobraon, Chilianwala, and Gujrat, as well as in several gallant minor engagements. But history does not disparage the brave Sikhs, nor deny that they fought well and proved most honourable foes. Their total strength was probably about 60,000. At Mudki they lost seventeen guns and had to fall back on their entrenched position at Ferozeshah where the British forces under Sir Hugh Gough attacked them with 16,700 men. The Goughs are a well-known family of soldiers, many of whom have given their lives with supreme courage in the present Great War. Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Hardinge held a command in this action. He was made a peer, and his great-grandson (the elder son of Lord Hardinge, the late Viceroy of India), died of wounds received in France in 1914. The Sikhs were forced to retire across the Sutlej and lost two thousand killed. Among the Indian officers who lost their lives fighting in our Indian regiments were Ressaldar Mir Wazir Ali, Jemadar Pir Khan, Subadar-Major Umed Singh, and Subadar Hanuman Tiwari.

On January 1, (1846), 26 Indian soldiers under the command of Subadar Najju Khan were escorting a party of the sick to Ferozepore when they were attacked by a large body of Sikhs. They showed splendid courage in resisting this on-

slaught and actually managed to repulse the enemy. The brave Subadar was unfortunately killed, but the story of how chivalrously* he defended the helpless sick men still keeps his name alive in the hearts of soldiers. When the battle of Aliwal was fought the charge of the 16th Lancers, a famous British cavalry regiment, broke the square formed by Sikh regiments and the Sikhs lost all their strong posts on the left bank of the Sutlej except a strongly entrenched position at Chota Sobraon, where they had about 35,000 men. Here they were defeated on February 10 and the losses on both sides were heavy.

In February, 1846, Sir Hugh Gough and the victorious army entered Lahore in state; the Maharajah made his submission and peace was restored.

Very soon after this date Sikh soldiers became anxious to enlist in the Indian Army and on July 30 two regiments of Sikh infantry were raised and were then named the Regiment of Ferozepore and the Regiment of Ludhiana. These battalions are now called the 14th and 15th Sikhs. Both have fought with great distinction in this war and they have not only preserved their great names but have added to their fame.

On December 14 of the same year the splendid Frontier Force had its birthday. The Corps of Guides was raised; and no boy in India should fail to know its grand history and to take pride in its glorious deeds. In England every boy has a very special feeling for the Guards, both horse and foot. It is their duty and privilege to guard the person of the

* This word is frequently employed to describe a virtue which should be inseparable from the use of arms. The virtue, or quality, of *chivalry* consists of a combination of courage, courtesy, and freedom from self-interest. A soldier who is brave, but brutal and ill-mannered, is *not* chivalrous. A soldier who is kind, but timid, is *not* chivalrous. A soldier who is courteous and gallant, but inspired only by a love of personal gain or desire for success, is *not* chivalrous, for such a one would relentlessly abandon the helpless. Chivalry is a most manly virtue.

Sovereign, and except in time of war they never leave the British Isles. In war they set so high a standard of courage and conduct that there is no greater compliment than to be compared, however slightly, to the gallant Guards. The Prince of Wales is an officer of the Grenadier Guards. Indian boys might well feel the same affection for the Guides that British boys feel for the Guards. When first raised, the Guides had one troop of cavalry and two companies of infantry under the command of Lieutenant Lumsden. Their duty was to guard the frontier against raiders and invasion. In the same year were raised the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Sikh Infantry, now known as the famous 51st, 52nd, 53rd, and 54th Sikhs. The 2nd Sikh Infantry was raised in Kangra (whence have come so many brave recruits in the Great War) and its sepoys were Dogras and Gurkhas. Its Indian officers were men of good family.

In 1848 Mr. Vans Agnew and Lieutenant Anderson were cruelly murdered at Multan. Soldiers from Dera Ismail Khan and the Frontier Force, reinforced by a British and Indian division, at once laid siege to Multan. The Punjab was once more in an uproar, and a fierce action took place at Ramnagar, in which a grand old man, an Indian officer, aged seventy-eight years, was killed in action. His name was Subadar-Major Mir Sher Ali, Sardar Bahadur, and the Army still remembers his faithful life and soldierly death with affection and respect. The brâve and good John Nicholson was then Assistant to the Resident at Lahore, and we begin to hear of him and his work about this date. The Battle of Chilianwala was fought on January 13, 1849. It was a hotly contested one, and at the end of the action the advantage lay with the British forces though the Sikhs under Sher Singh were by no means severely defeated. A few days after this battle, Mulraj—the Punjabi leader—surrendered the city and fortress of Multan to the British, and in the next

month Sir Hugh Gough (whom Queen Victoria had raised to the peerage and who had become Lord Gough) fought the Sikhs at Gujrat, in an action which is called the Battle of the Guns. Nine of Her Majesty's regiments fought at Gujrat and two British regiments of the Company. The Sikhs employed a body of Afghan horsemen led by a son of the deposed Amir Dost Mahomed Khan. There were 1,500 of them and they, with a number of Sikh sowars, were charged and put to flight by the Queen's 9th Lancers and the Scinde Horse. The Sikh Army fought bravely, but at last it broke and was pursued for 15 miles. The next day the pursuit continued and the retreating Sikhs were given no rest. On March 14, 1849, the Sikhs laid down their arms at Rawal Pindi before General Sir Walter Gilbert, who then continued his way to Peshawar and drove the Afghans headlong through the Khaiber Pass.

The Sikh War led to the enlistment in the Indian Army of Sikhs, Dogras, and Punjabi Mahomedans, and to-day the hardy Punjab is called the Sword-Arm of India. In its many war hospitals are soldiers of the Punjab, the gallant sick and wounded who have suffered in the Great War. And the British officers who led them in action constantly wonder how 'Kirpa Singh' or 'Nawab Khan' are getting on. Across hundreds and thousands of miles that brotherhood of regiments holds strong men together in thought and affection, for a regiment has a big heart.

In the spring of 1850 the second war with Burma took place and 5,900 men were sent against the enemy. On April 14, they entered Rangoon with little loss. In November they attacked the enemy, who were besieging our small garrison at Pegu. Fighting continued till December, and the province of Pegu was annexed to the British dominion. In this expedition Her Majesty's Navy and Army and the Company's regiments from the Punjab (the 54th Sikhs), and from Bengal and Madras fought side by side for the first time.

In 1857 we have to record a sad calamity. We have seen how long and how well the Indian regiments of the Company had served and fought; we know that their officers and many of the rank and file must have been proud of their regiments' names. Yet in May, 1857, a mutiny broke out in most of the Bengal regiments. This military crime was caused by misrepresentations, fears, and ignorance. Telegraphs and railways had just begun to exist in India, introduced by the Government, and they aroused fear and dislike. Those who had foolishly believed that it was impossible for an Army, led by British officers and supported at every crisis by British regiments, to meet with even temporary defeat, had their poor delusion broken by the disasters of the Afghan War, and they had not the wisdom to perceive strength when that strength had to struggle against overwhelming difficulties. They expected victory without sacrifice and loss and effort. England was engaged in the Crimean War and every bazaar was filled with absurd rumours declaring that she was helpless there and everywhere else. Old muskets were replaced by Enfield rifles; the cartridges used for these new rifles were greased with bees-wax and tallow. The discontented sepoys and their families began to say that the tallow was made from the fat of pigs and cows. The authorities then said to them, 'It is not made of the fat of pigs and cows, but in order to *prove* to you that it is not, you may mix the tallow yourselves!' But by that time the sepoys wished to believe the contrary and it is very easy to believe a lie if you desire to do so. Noises in the dark are very much more misleading and alarming than noises in the light, when the eye can teach the ear what the noise means. The sepoys and their families and the bazaars were all in the dark of ignorance and *therefore* they were alarmed and aroused to anger and fear and discontent, and so the mutiny took place. Read again the vow made by recruits and you will clearly see what a very disgraceful crime

mutiny is in a soldier. His greatest military virtues are obedience, courage, mercy, courtesy. If he possesses these virtues he will carry out the orders of his officers even at the peril of his life; he will never turn his back on the enemy nor abandon his post and his comrades. He will never slay or torment wounded enemies who cannot defend themselves or attack him; he will never kill women, children, or any helpless person; and he will never insult or bully with armed tyranny civilians, enemy prisoners, or the population of a conquered country. His greatest crimes are mutiny, cowardice, cruelty, and tyranny; if he rebels against orders, runs away from the enemy, kills the wounded, and insults the helpless, he dishonours his name, his family, his country, and his regiment.

In this Great War the Allies (and with them the brave Indian Army) have said to the whole world, 'Do you think we are in the right, or do you think that Germany and Austria and Turkey are right?' That was indeed a solemn and terrible question to answer. How has it been answered? Italy replied, 'The Allies are right'; Japan replied, 'The Allies are right'; Roumania replied, 'The Allies are right'; and great America has replied, 'The Allies are right.'

Well, in 1857, in the vast land of India, this is how the peoples of the north and the south and the east and the west decided who was right: the soldiers who mutinied, or the British Raj. The Madras regiments with very few exceptions remained faithful, the Bombay regiments with very few exceptions remained faithful, the big cities and ports of Madras and Calcutta and Bombay remained in the hands of the Government. *That* was the answer of those parts. In the Punjab the reply was wonderfully brave and loyal: the fine Frontier Force fought for the British rule with great enthusiasm. Its regiments to-day are known as the 51st Sikhs, 52nd Sikhs, 53rd Sikhs, 54th Sikhs, 55th Coke's Rifles, 56th Punjabi Rifles, 57th Wilde's Rifles, 58th Vaughan's

Rifles, 59th Scinde Rifles, 5th Gurkha Rifles, and the Corps of Guides. All these gallant and famous regiments fought side by side with the heroic British regiments during the mutiny. The 14th Sikhs and the 15th Sikhs remained faithful. That was *their* answer to the question! Now hear the answer of the Punjab. The 19th Punjabis were raised at Phillour, the 20th Punjabis at Nowshera, the 21st Punjabis at Kohat, the 22nd Punjabis at Multan, the 23rd Sikh Pioneers at Peshawar, the 25th Punjabis at Lahore, the 26th Punjabis at Peshawar, the 27th Punjabis at Rawal Pindi, the 28th Punjabis at Ferozepore, the 29th Punjabis at Jullundur, the 30th Punjabis at Ludhiana, the 31st Punjabis at Ferozepore, and the 9th and 10th Hodson's Horse, the 11th Lancers and the 12th Cavalry at Lahore. *That was the reply of the young fighting men of the Punjab, who came to British officers and enlisted.* The 32nd Punjabis were raised at Madhopore, the 33rd Punjabis at Allahabad, the 42nd Deoli Regiment at Deoli, the 14th Murray's Jat Lancers at Aligarh, the 16th Cavalry at Haldwan, and the 17th Cavalry at Muttra. *In 1914* the men to be found in these faithful regiments were Rajputs, Sikhs, Mazbi and Ramdasi Sikhs (in Pioneer regiments), Dogras, Jats, Gurkhas, Pathans (Afridis, Khattaks, and Yusufzais) and Punjabi Musalmans. The composition of the Corps of Guides was Sikhs, Dogras, Punjabi Musalmans, Punjabi Hindus, Gurkhas and Pathans. It was men from these races and classes that hastened to fight side by side with British soldiers against the mutineers, who, in May, 1857, imagined that they were sure to be able to defeat the British because the Indian soldiers in India at that time were eight times as numerous as the British soldiers!

The Englishmen who commanded and led these newly raised regiments were wonderful men. Our grandfathers knew their names by heart. Nicholson, Edwards, Lumsden, Doran, Lord Roberts (who was then a young subaltern), were all

young officers and utterly fearless. Men like Lawrence, Havelock, Outram, Colin Campbell, and Hope Grant guided the army to victory and were very good and kingly men. In 1914, Lord Roberts, as a very old man whom the whole Empire loved, crossed over to France in order to look once more upon Indian soldiers, and died there among the armed men he understood so well.

Briefly the chief events of the mutiny were as follows. It broke out at Meerut on May 10, 1857, and the rebels marched on Delhi, where the faithless sepoys of three regiments joined them. Lieutenant Willoughby blew up the magazine and died by the act, but prevented the rebels from getting a great prize. The same deeds of mutiny, murder, and rebellion broke out at Lahore, Ferozepore, Phillour, Peshawar, Jullundur, Aligarh and Jhelum, but in these places, as we have seen, there were many who were willing and eager to join the British forces in putting down the mutiny. There was the same crime of mutiny at Sialkot, Fatehgarh, Jhansi, Fyzabad, Shahjahanpur, Nowgong, Azamgarh, Moradabad, Sitapur, Benares, Mhow, Neemuch, Nasirabad, Agra, Dinapur, and in many other smaller places, but it would take too long to tell the full tale of sorrow and shame. The chief interest and the chief danger were to be found in three places. Delhi, Cawnpore, and Lucknow. In May, Delhi was in the hands of the rebels, where the old feeble king, the last of the Moguls, lived and was but a tool in the hands of the mutineers. Cawnpore was besieged, and though General Havelock fought his way to the rescue and took the place on July 16, he arrived too late to save the women and the little children, who had been terribly slain by the cruel Nana Sahib on the previous day. At Lucknow there was a most gallant little force which, though in great peril, continued to fight for its life and its honour from May 30, when there was a general mutiny, to September 25, when it was finally relieved by General

Havelock and General Outram. At Lucknow some sepoys of three faithless regiments (the 13th, 48th and 71st Native Infantry), refused to disgrace their names by joining the rebels, and they remained true to their salt and fought with steadfast courage side by side with British heroes. To each of these remarkable and gallant soldiers, who resisted temptation and behaved like chivalrous gentlemen, the Government gave the Order of Merit and they were made into a new regiment, to which other recruits were added. The regiment was then called the Lucknow Regiment, and is now called the 16th Rajputs, and is composed of eight companies of Rajput soldiers. The defence of the Residency at Lucknow is a story of great courage and great dignity.

No throne has ever been more honourable than the Ridge at Delhi, where the British soldiers gave their lives day after day in the heat of a burning sun. To-day the birds sing undisturbed over its grass and its graves, for no man may build on it, and its memories are of the courage and sacrifice of manhood, and add to the self-respect of every loyal man who remembers the history of 1857, *since he too is a man.*

It is good to think of the deeds of the Corps of Guides during the mutiny. They received the news of the outbreak on May 13, and that same day marched out of the fort at Mardan and set forth for Delhi. The cavalry of the Guides rode their horses and the infantry rode on camels, two sepoys to a camel. They marched in the heat of the summer, 580 miles in 26 days, and arrived at Delhi on June 9. All soldiers remember this march of the Guides with great admiration. Every day the Guides fought and the corps preserves the tale of many fine deeds. They remember how a Gurkha, Kour Singh, dashed into a house on the outskirts and killed three rebels with his kukri. When he died, in consideration of all his fine service, his son, who was only twelve years old, was made a Supernumerary Jemadar in the Corps. Akhtar Buland, a young

bugler, won the 3rd Class Order of Merit for his coolness under fire and the whole regiment behaved gallantly on every occasion. When the mutiny was put down and the Guides returned to the North, the Division at Peshawar was paraded in their honour by command of the General. The following are some of the beautiful words which were spoken to the British Officers, Indian Officers, sowars, and sepoys of the Guides by the General: "We respect, we honour you, and we feel proud of being associated with men whose deeds of daring have earned for yourselves and your noble profession a never-dying fame." Then the General turned to the Division and addressed them, "The gallant Horse and Foot now before you are the Corps of Guides. I have invited you to meet them this day and I have paraded you to welcome and honour them on their return to the Frontier from the Siege of Delhi. Of all the passions of the human heart there is none which we, as soldiers, so readily sympathize with as the valour and honourable devotion of brave men who fight and die in their country's cause. Great and important to the British Government have been the services of the gallant Corps now before you. The faithless Hindustani soldiers mutinied at Meerut on May 10 and at Delhi on May 11. The news reached Peshawar and on the 12th a moveable column was decided upon to keep down the Mutiny in the Punjab. It was necessary to have picked troops, *men who could be relied on to fight on the right side.* All thoughts turned first to British soldiers and Her Majesty's 24th and 27th were warned. But next to the British soldiers the men who in the hour of doubt and danger stood highest in public confidence were the Guides. Their Commander, Captain Daly, received orders on May 13 .... It was seen that Delhi was the centre of the rebellion, and to Delhi the Guides were ordered to push on. They did push on and reached Delhi on the 24th day after leaving Mardan ...... No soldier can hear of such a march without

admiration and their deeds of arms were equal to their march. Within three hours after reaching Delhi the Guides engaged the enemy and every one of their officers was wounded, and for nearly four months both men and officers were constantly in action, sometimes twice a day. They took 600 men to Delhi, and received 200 recruits during the siege. Not one man deserted to the enemy, but 350 were killed and wounded; 120 fell to rise no more. I need not dwell on their separate deeds of valour, their general actions, their skirmishes, or their single combats, but as an instance of the spirit that animated the Corps, I will mention that a mere boy, Jai Singh by name, bore a wounded British soldier in his arms out of the battle...... And now receive back the gallant Guides covered with glory!.... The applause of their British comrades have followed them from Delhi; our hearty British cheers shall welcome them home again to Peshawar."

After the General had finished speaking everybody cheered. When the Corps of Guides arrived on the parade ground all the troops presented arms to them and a salute was thundered out. When the General's speech was ended a *feu de joie* was fired and *a salute of* 21 *guns,* after which the Corps of Guides marched past and saluted the General. Surely there is no brotherhood more courteous, more grateful, or more just than the Army. Stern in its discipline, exacting in its code of honour, sincere in all its acts, it is the best friend any man can have in the hour of need or in the hour of glory. The officers and the men of the Guides must have been proud men that day, when the guns proclaimed their honour and the cheers spoke of their comrades' welcome. But no one man claimed the chief distinction, no one man was 'the Guide.' There was no selfish seeking for reward.

Delhi was taken by storm on September 14. The gallant Nicholson fell wounded, and died with the news of victory to cheer him. No regiment behaved more bravely than Her

Majesty's 60th Rifles, of whom a British officer in the force which held the Ridge wrote to his wife at Simla : "The unfortunate Rifles are entirely out of beer and wine so they make up for it by keeping up the strictest ceremony at the dinner-table and forbid smoking till the cloth is removed. They are always very particular too in wearing their green uniforms." Custom is good, especially the custom of self-restraint, and such officers and men and corps as exert themselves to retain the habit of ceremony and of a good appearance generally surpass more careless regiments when hard fighting begins. It is for this reason that 'smart' regiments in peace win approval from soldiers, and 'slack' regiments are unfavourably criticized. Here is an interesting paragraph from the same officer's letters to his wife, for it is well to know what the people on the spot said and thought in those days, just as in years to come people will read the letters written by soldiers in this Great War. 'The mutineers who first came to Delhi have grown lazy on account of their plunder, and on being ordered to fight make excuses. The day before yesterday the King of Delhi said, "If you do not go out I will blow up the powder magazine and die." On this some of them went out to fight and on their return at night it was found that they also were dispirited. Replies have come to the king from Bhurtpore, Dholpore, and Gwalior. Gwalior says, " When you are really king I will come to your assistance ! " Dholpore was first going to kill the messenger, but let him go, and Bhurtpore said he was always disloyal to Delhi and would remain so.' The mutiny was not a rebellion of the people and the post ran between Delhi and Simla with very little difficulty.

Before ending the tale of the mutiny the splendid story of the defence of Arrah must be told. The sepoys of the Dinapore brigade had mutinied and *two thousand armed rebels* attacked Arrah. Here in one ordinary house *eleven* Europeans and *fifty* Sikhs of Rattray's police battalion defended them-

selves for seven days rather than scatter and fly to safety. In vain the remainder of the Sikh battalion tried to fight their way to the rescue of their comrades, but at the end of a week a force from Buxar under Major Vincent Eyre marched into Arrah. The proud 45th Sikhs never forget those fifty faithful men who earned so great a name for the regiment. When His Majesty the King-Emperor George V visited India in 1911 he graciously inspected an assembly of veterans and those who had won the Order of British India, on December 11 at Delhi. There were thirty Europeans and 750 Indians present. The King spoke to each of the Europeans, especially to Major Allum of the Royal Artillery, who was eighty-four years of age and wore medals that are older than the Mutiny medal. The King-Emperor spent an hour with his old soldiers, and one Indian soldier told His Majesty how he had received twenty-two wounds. Her Majesty the Queen-Empress accompanied the King-Emperor and graciously spoke to the venerable old men. On December 17, His Majesty had his train stopped at Arrah and inspected the house which that little force defended. Two Indians who had taken part in that fine action were present. One was a very old man and the other was younger and had been a boy during the defence, but had crept unseen out of the compound and given news to Major Eyre's force. The King-Emperor spoke to both of them and ordered that a sum of money should be given to them for every year that they had lived. Thus His Majesty expressed the *feeling* and the *will* of the *whole Empire* towards those people who are brave and faithful.

By now we have seen the first recruits enlisted in Madras in 1748 and the first British regiment of the Crown land in India and fight there six years later, and now too we have seen the Indian army grow to a big force in Bengal, in Bombay, and in the North. We have seen it fight as far east as China and as far west as Alexandria. On its own Borders it had

fought twice in Burma and penetrated the mountain passes to Afghanistan. Between the years 1849 and 1857 there had been Frontier fighting with the Baizai Swatis, the Kohat Pass Afridis, the Utman Khels, the Ranizai Swatis, the Mohmands, the Hasanzais of the Black Mountain, the Shiranis, the Jowaki Afridis and other Afridis, in the Miranzai Valley and in the Bozdar Hills. We have seen the tragedy of the mutiny and the beauty of the courage shown by the British soldiers and the Indian soldiers who remained faithful, and now we say good-bye to the Honourable East India Company and see its European and Indian regiments become the regiments of the Crown. Since 1858, when Queen Victoria assumed the direct Government of India, the Indian Army has served the Sovereign just as the British Army does, and to-day eats the salt of the King-Emperor George V. When a soldier of the Indian Army dies beside a British soldier they equally ' give their life for their King'.

THE INDIAN ARMY UNDER THE CROWN, 1858-1914.

It is impossible in a short space to give the details of the many wars in which the Indian Army has been engaged since 1858. The most important events have been such as I will now briefly describe and no one should overlook the fact that a soldier can display all the best and most soldierly qualities in a small war as well as in a big one, and our grandfathers fought splendidly in the past 'small wars'. After restoring peace in Oudh at the close of the Mutiny the Army became engaged in a war with China, and among the regiments that fought in this war were the 15th Sikhs, the 27th Punjabis, the 19th Lancers, the 11th Rajputs and the 20th Punjabis. The expedition won some fine victories and achieved its object.

In 1867-8 the interesting little expedition to Abyssinia took place; its ruler, King Theodore, having imprisoned

without any just reason some British subjects. The 11th Lancers and the 12th Cavalry and 126th Queen Mary's Own Baluch Light Infantry and the 125th Napier's Rifles were among the Indian regiments who served under Lord Napier in this expedition, which had to explore a little-known country. When King Theodore found that he was defeated he blew his brains out with his pistol.

In 1876 the Indian Army hospital corps were raised. The name of the Indian stretcher-bearers who collect the wounded and try to take them to safety has always been a very good one.

Indian regiments were employed for the *first* time for service in Europe in the year 1878. The regiments engaged did no fighting, but were useful in garrisoning two important islands, Malta and Cyprus, in the Mediterranean, while Russia and Turkey were at war. The uncle of Queen Victoria, His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, issued the following order with regard to the 9th Hodson's Horse with a squadron of the 10th Lancer's attached, the 13th Rajputs, the 31st Punjabis, and the 2nd King Edward's Own Gurkha Rifles,—" His Royal Highness cannot speak too highly of their soldierly qualities. Their good conduct and smartness reflect the greatest credit on all ranks. Their steadiness under arms and drill and the excellent state of their camps leaves nothing to be desired." They returned to India after a few months.

In 1878 the second war with Afghanistan took place. Those who read with attention the account of the previous war with Afghanistan will remember Ali Masjid. Here again the British and Indian regiments had a hard fight and the 27th Punjabis especially distinguished themselves. In this campaign the 110th Mahratta Light Infantry, the 113th Infantry, the 116th Mahrattas, the 119th Infantry, the 123rd

Outram's Rifles, the 127th Queen Mary's Own Baluch Light Infantry, and the 129th Duke of Connaught's Own Baluchis, all took part. They are all regiments of the old Bombay Army. The most famous event of this campaign is the march of a force to Kandahar, but all the fighting was fierce. First the army pushed its way to Kabul, no easy task, and by a treaty with the Amir the British force withdrew, suffering from cholera badly. Major Sir Louis Cavagnari remained at Kabul with an escort of the Guides under Lieut. Hamilton. On September 3, 1879, after a gallant resistance, Cavagnari and all his escort were massacred. Back came an angry army from India! Among the regiments were the 9th Lancers, the Gordon Highlanders, Royal Artillery, and the 12th Cavalry, 14th Lancers, the 28th Punjabis, and the 5th Gurkhas. And in another division were the 6th Dragoon Guards, the 17th Bengal Cavalry, the 27th Punjabis, the 45th Sikhs, and the furious Guides. It is not possible to name all the regiments. As a rule each Indian Brigade had a British Regiment with it, the custom of the Army being that British brigades are formed, and also mixed brigades in which there is generally one British regiment with two Indian regiments. This custom has been observed during this great War also. After difficult fighting the army entered Kabul and the Amir was deported to India. But still there was much fighting for the army up and down the mountain passes, outnumbered by the tribesmen but everywhere victorious, till in July, 1880, there came the news of the disaster which befell the Bombay force at Maiwand and the peril of the force locked up at Kandahar. Lord Roberts set forth to the rescue. He took with him 10,000 fighting men and 8,000 followers and he marched them through about 200 miles of enemy country and another 106 miles of difficult country, hot as fire. He had with him the 9th Lancers, 3rd Skinner's Horse, 23rd

Cavalry, the Central India Horse, two Highland regiments, the 60th Rifles, the 2nd Gurkhas, 5th Gurkhas, 4th Gurkhas, 23rd Sikh Pioneers, 24th Punjabis, 52nd Sikhs, 53rd Sikhs, 15th Sikhs, and 25th Punjabis. They made forced marches for twenty days and covered 303 miles in that time, reaching Robat on August 28, and Kandahar on the 31st. On September 1, they fought a victorious action and put the enemy to flight. This ended the second Afghan War. A memorial was raised at Mardan to the brave Guides who fell around Cavagnari at Kabul. On the termination of the Afghan War a force was sent against the Mahsud Waziris, who are not yet peaceful and quiet neighbours. Makin was occupied, (only the other day it was visited very differently by aeroplane !). The expedition then withdrew.

In 1882 an Egyptian campaign took place and a small force was sent from India. The 2nd Lancers, 6th King Edward's Own Cavalry, 13th Duke of Connaught's Lancers, 7th Rajputs and 20th Punjabis were employed and the victorious action of Tel-el-Kebir was fought, Cairo was entered and Arabi Pasha was made a prisoner. In October the Indian regiments returned to India. Early in 1885, however, another expedition was sent from India to Egypt which included the 9th Hodson's Horse, 15th Sikhs, the 17th Infantry, and the 128th Pioneers. This is the first occasion when the *Indian Army and the Guards fought in the same action.* At Tofrek, on March 22, the Arabs very nearly broke the British square, which was held on three sides by Indians and on one side by the Berkshire Regiment. The 15th Sikhs specially distinguished themselves as the brunt of the attack fell on them. Lord Wolseley arrived at Suakin in May and a successful attack was made on the enemy. The Indian regiments returned in a few months to India. In the Great War, Indian regiments have fought on the banks of the Suez Canal, and the Indian wounded have been nursed in hospitals in Egypt.



India and its Approaches

In 1885 the 37th Lancers were raised, in 1887 the 34th Pioneers, 35th Sikhs, 36th Sikhs, 37th Dogras, and 39th Garhwal Rifles, and in 1886 the Burma Military Police force. In 1885 the Indian Ruling Chiefs placed their armed men at the service of the Government of India, and from this loyal offer that fine body of men known as the Imperial Service Troops became in 1889 a very honourable part of the strength of India and the Empire.

From 1885 to 1889 there was war in Burma. King Thebaw brought about the war by cruelty and injustice and our troops had a long and weary campaign of three years' fighting and marching and illness. Thebaw was deported to India, but his country continued to fight till some years later. The Indian regiments which took part in this war were the 11th Rajputs, 2nd Queen Victoria's Own Rajput Light Infantry, 72nd Punjabis, 3rd Queen Alexandra's Own Gurkha-Rifles, 6th Gurkha Rifles, 26th Punjabis, 18th Infantry and 27th Punjabis.

The last named regiment on its return from the war with China, 1860-2, had been stationed at Lahore Cantonment when a bad epidemic of cholera broke out in the British regiment there. The 27th Punjabis (which was then, as now, composed of 3 companies of Sikhs, 1 company of Dogras, 2 companies of Pathans and 2 companies of Punjabi Musalmans), volunteered to nurse and take care of the sick and gave their services at the risk of their lives, for cholera is a most dangerous illness. This chivalrous act of brotherhood received the thanks of the Government of India and of Parliament.

Brief mention must now be made of the fine services of the mountain batteries of the Indian Army. The composition of each battery is half Punjabi Musalmans and half Sikhs and Hindus. Before this Great War the largest share of battle honours belonged to the 22nd Derajat Mountain

Battery, which had among other honours 'Kandahar,' 'Chitral' and the 'Tirah'. The other Mountain Batteries are the 21st Kohat, the 23rd Peshawar, the 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st and 32nd Mountain Battery and the Frontier Garrison Artillery. Ask the Australians who fought by the side of the mountain guns at Gallipoli, what they think of them, and they will answer as enthusiastically as the troops cheered the Guides on their return from Delhi. Nor should anyone forget the gallant Sappers and Miners. These are some of the war honours of the 2nd Queen Victoria's Own Sappers and Miners,—'Seringapatam,' 'Egypt,' 'Assaye,' 'Java,' 'China,' 'Miani,' 'Pegu,' 'Lucknow,' 'Taku Forts,' 'Abyssinia,' 'Afghanistan 1878-80,' 'Egypt 1882,' 'Tel-el-Kebir,' 'Suakin,' 'Tofrek,' 'Burma,' 'Chitral,' 'Punjab Frontier,' 'Malakand,' 'Tirah,' 'China 1900,'—a fine record indeed for its Madrasis of mixed classes. Nineteen honours show what the 3rd Sappers and Miners have done; their composition is Marathas, Musalmans and Sikhs.

Before briefly mentioning the wars in which Indian regiments played a part between 1887 and 1914, it should be pointed out that about the year 1907 the standing Afghan Army was estimated at about 70,000 regular troops and the Nepal Army at about 45,000 regular and irregular troops, and that, of the tribesmen on the North-West Frontier, the Mahsuds and Waziris alone could produce 14,000 fighting men. Nepal has been our gallant Ally in the Great War, the Amir of Afghanistan has proved a faithful friend, and the Mahsuds and Waziris, having provoked a punitive expedition by their bad behaviour, petitioned for peace without delay. *Indian boys should realize that an army was not a luxury, but a necessity, to India long before this war.*

It is not at all necessary to remember the dates in the following account of small wars and great courage, but it is useful to note them as giving the sequence of events.

In 1888 the expedition against Sikkim took place and in the following years we fought the Chins and Lushais and also the frontier tribesmen in the Miranzai Valley. Up in the far North in 1891 we fought the men of Hunza and Nagar and the Kashmir Imperial Service Troops formed part of our force. In 1891 the Manipur outbreak had to be put down in Assam. After hostilities had begun three British officers were invited to take part in a conference in the palace; they went and were cruelly murdered. Led by a British subaltern the men of the 33rd and 72nd Punjabis tried to reach them in time to rescue them, but failed. Lieutenant Grant received the Victoria Cross for his gallant leadership, the Indian officers were admitted to the Order of British India, and every sepoy received the Order of Merit. In 1893 there was a sharp little fight at Chilas on the Gilgit frontier and the next year in the North-East there was an expedition against the Abors. In 1894 we again fought the Mahsuds and Waziris, who had attacked the members of a British Commission near Wana. In 1895 some British officers and 99 men of the 14th Sikhs and 300 men of the Kashmir Rifles were besieged in Chitral Fort and a force of British and Indian troops was sent to their relief and was brilliantly successful. In 1898 the most famous of all Frontier expeditions took place. It is known as the Tirah Campaign. The fighting was fierce, and among the Indian regiments engaged were the 18th King George's Own Lancers, the 56th Punjabi Rifles, the 15th, 36th, and 53rd Sikhs, the 30th Punjabis, and the 81st and 128th Pioneers.

On September 12, 1897, a little garrison of 21 sepoys of the 36th Sikhs held a small fort between Fort Lockhart and Fort Gulistan on the Samana range, and there took place a fight which for sheer heroism would immortalize the history of any campaign. Fort Saraghari was a mere signalling post and the Pathan tribesmen

surrounded it and many bit the dust before night fell. At the corner of the flanking tower was an angle of the wall which could not be protected by the fire of the besieged garrison. One by one the enemy crept up to this spot and loosened the stones till there was sufficient room for them to crowd through and rush the Fort. Fighting had been going on for seven hours, and many of the 21 Sikhs were wounded, some were dead. The remainder defended an inner enclosure till the enemy climbed the wall on all sides and again rushed them in overwhelming numbers. The last remaining man, alone with Death, shut himself into the guardroom and shot nearly twenty Pathans before the room caught fire and he perished in the flames. The forts of Lockhart and Gulistan were so closely besieged themselves that they were unable to send help. Since then Sikhs and Pathans have fought together as comrades in arms, and all brave men pay homage to the memory of the heroes of Saraghari.

The South African War began in 1899 and lasted several years, but no Indian regiments were used in the campaign. In 1900 Great Britain and other European Powers sent forces to China for the relief of the Legations which were threatened by the rebels of the Boxer rising. The Boxers were terribly cruel, but so were the Germans, who fought them and they richly earned their name of 'Huns,' barbarians whom their Kaiser had told them to imitate. The 16th Cavalry, the 2nd Queen Victoria's Own Rajput Light Infantry, the 6th Jat Light Infantry, the 14th Sikhs, the 20th Punjabis, 34th Sikh Pioneers, 57th Wilde's Rifles, 62nd Punjabis and 63rd Palamcottah Light Infantry (formed in Madras, 1759) were among the regiments who went to the relief of the Legations. In 1901-2 the blockade of Waziristan took place; and Indian troops fought for some years side by side with British troops in Somaliland. The 45th Sikhs and the 27th Punjabis were

among the many regiments in the Waziristan Blockade and the 27th Punjabis also went on active service to Somaliland. In 1904 British and Indian regiments penetrated to Lhassa and in this expedition men fought at heights of 19,000 feet and even higher, so that strong men became breathless and could hardly carry their heavy rifles. In 1908 there were Frontier expeditions against the Zakkha Khels and Mohmands, and in 1911 there was an expedition against the Abors. This is by no means a complete list of the many adventures of the gallant Indian Army, but in villages and cities there is still talk of these fine fights, and the veterans who took part in them should receive great respect.

On December 2, 1911, *The King-Emperor George V* and the *Queen-Empress Mary* landed in Bombay amid the thunder of a salute of 101 guns. No history of the Indian Army could be complete without a short account of the visit of its KING-EMPEROR, who came to the country of its birth, where live its fathers and mothers and its sons and daughters. He came as the Emperor of its north and south, its east and west, as the Head of the most powerful Navy in the world, as the Head of every British and Indian regiment, and as the Sovereign of one-fourth of the dwellers upon earth. At Delhi the King-Emperor received the homage of his subjects; he sat with the Queen-Empress by his side in the midst of a mighty multitude and the Viceroy, bowing low three times, knelt and kissed his hand (a privilege which only the Viceroy received), then the members of the Executive Council and the Ruling Chiefs paid their homage and then the Chief Justice and Judges of the High Court and the Governors and Lieutenant-Governors of Provinces. The next day the King-Emperor rode to the camps of the Naval Contingent, and the camps of the Infantry, and later His Majesty presented medals to ten officers and sergeants who had distinguished themselves by great courage after an explo-

sion of cordite in 1906. His Majesty then held a levee of officers of the volunteers, of the Indian Army and of the Imperial Service Troops, and touched their swords. On December 14, His Majesty held a review of his troops, of whom 49,000 were present. On December 15, His Majesty witnessed a military tournament. While at Delhi, the King-Emperor announced that in future his Indian soldiers as well as his British soldiers should be eligible for the reward of the Victoria Cross for an act of perfect courage. While at Calcutta His Majesty held another review of his troops and rode to the camps of the regiments. His Majesty also held a levee which was attended by all officers, British and Indian. When the King-Emperor and Queen-Empress left India, all the Army mourned, but it was destined to meet its Sovereign again very soon, for when war broke out and the soldiers of the Indian Army were in France, His Majesty visited them there, and his eldest son, the Prince of Wales, also went among them. The Prince has fought in France for many a long month among the soldiers of his father, who now number several millions. When the Indian Infantry left France for another sphere of action this was the message His Majesty sent them by his Soldier Son:

"Officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Indian Army Corps, more than a year ago I summoned you from India to fight for the safety of my Empire and the honour of my pledged word on the battlefields of Belgium and France. The confidence which I then expressed in your sense of duty, your courage, and your chivalry you have since then nobly justified.

"I now require your services in another field of action; but before you leave France I send my dear and gallant son, the Prince of Wales, who has shared with my armies the dangers and hardships of the campaign, to thank you in my name for your services and to express to you my satisfaction.

"British and Indian comrades in arms, yours has been a fellowship in toils and hardships, in courage and endurance, often against great odds, in deeds nobly done in days of ever memorable conflict. In a warfare waged under new conditions and in peculiarly trying circumstances you have worthily upheld the honour of the Empire and the great traditions of my army in India.

"I have followed your fortunes with the deepest interest and watched your gallant actions with pride and satisfaction. I mourn with you the loss of many gallant officers and men. Let it be your consolation, as it was their pride, that they freely gave their lives in a just cause for the honour of their Sovereign and the safety of my Empire. They died as gallant soldiers and I shall ever hold their sacrifices in grateful remembrance.

"You leave France with a just pride in the honour of deeds already achieved and with my assurance of confidence that your proved valour and experience will contribute to further victories in the fields of action to which you go.

"I pray God to bless and guard you and bring you back safely when the final victory is won, each to his own home, there to be welcomed with honour among his own people."

The echo of the King-Emperor's mighty words "THERE TO BE WELCOMED WITH HONOUR AMONG HIS OWN PEOPLE" should remain in all hearts for ever, commanding their obedience. Those who have fought for us, those who have dared for us—keeping shame from our names and fear from our homes—shall we not honour them, welcome them, care for them? Well may we give them high praise and titles of respect, but let it not be in words only that we welcome them home, for it was by actions and not by empty speeches that the valiant and the faithful so nobly defended us.

II

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE FIRST THREE YEARS OF THE WAR

I

Germany and England.—No one but Germany wanted war. No other country had adequately prepared for it. Germany had been making ready for forty years and most of us knew it in our hearts, though we would not admit it. A whole generation had been brought up with the threat hanging over them. But the blow had not fallen, and we trusted to the common sense of the German people to avert it. Modern war, with its scientific machinery of destruction, is so terrible that a long struggle must mean the slow death of all parties engaged. Germany's intention of winning by brute force and cunning the supremacy of Europe was evident to nearly everyone; but the peace-loving nations, like the ostrich, buried their heads in the sand. Their statesmen hoped nothing would happen and that at the last minute the German people would hesitate to plunge half the world into war.

But German civilization, or "Kultur" as they call it, is different from other civilizations: it is a form of ruthless and dangerous barbarism, because it is disciplined, and fortified by the resources of modern science. It is entirely without pity or scruple and it does not admit the principle that nations, like men, must obey the laws of morality. A peaceful settlement of differences by treaty is impossible with the Germans, because, as has been openly admitted by the Chancellor in the Reichstag, with them the state of necessity knows no law. Interna-

tional agreements and conventions are of no account. It was a breach of faith and a broken pledge that brought England into the War. Germany was pledged by treaty not to move her armies through Belgium to attack France. England was pledged to support France and Belgium if this treaty were violated by Germany.

Germany violated the treaty, as might have been expected, and attacked France through Belgian territory. This to the German mind seemed the most natural move in the world, but the thing she could not understand was that England should stand firm to her pledged word. England was unprepared for a military expedition on the continent. Her army was small and ill-equipped, though the best trained fighting material in the world. A " contemptible Army " the Kaiser called it, little thinking how it was going to stand between him and his dream of a Europe enslaved and downtrodden under the Prussian heel. England's entry into the war could only mean for her loss and sacrifice and suffering that years could not repair. " Do you seriously mean to say ", the Imperial Chancellor asked our Ambassador in Berlin, " that you are going to make war for a mere scrap of paper ? " And his words have become historic, for they convey more forcibly than argument or illustration how useless it is to trust the German's plighted word.

Why England entered the War.—England must have come in sooner or later, as the war developed into a struggle between the forces of civilization and barbarism, and it soon became evident to everybody that life would become unendurable if the Prussian system prevailed. But the immediate occasion of her entry was Germany's violation of Belgium. She was pledged to resist this; she had no other alternative. Besides, the security of our coast depended on the integrity of Belgium. We could not afford to let Germany establish herself in the ports across the channel. It would have been like giving



Europe in 1914

a robber a loaded pistol to hold against one's head. But, whatever the origin of the treaty, we were bound to abide by it. For the disregard of pledges and obligations, such as the Germans practise, would mean the end of liberty, civilization and faith, and it would be better that all nations should perish than that they should submit to such a code.

German Character and Aims.—It is difficult to understand the German mind. They desire world conquest and they believe that the attainment of it is essential to the welfare of mankind. "The whole world governed by a divinely appointed state" is their dream. The Kaiser is regarded as the Agent—or even as the Partner—of God. And to attain their Kingdom of Kultur, war with all its train of wreckage and misery is to them a *necessity*. They have convinced themselves of this. The power of self-deception, common to all humanity, is strong in them. They believe that what is expedient is right. It is a horrible, but not an altogether contemptible, picture. For the Germans are a brave people and have never hesitated to sacrifice their lives and all that is dear to them for this ideal, selfish and arrogant though it may be.

What I have said of the German character applies most of all to the Prussian military caste. The mass of the people, the industrial and agricultural classes, are not very different from similar classes in other lands, only they have been brought up differently. They are educated to believe that the mission of Germany is to subjugate Europe and the East. The doctrine of Blood and Iron is preached in the schools; from his earliest infancy the young German is taught to hate and distrust his neighbours—more especially England and Russia; and history is perverted for this end. The Germans receive their opinions from Government with no more question than their salaries and uniforms. When one remembers that they are the most docile and disciplined people in the world it is not strange that after more than three years of unprovoked

aggression on their part they believe that England and France and Russia started the war, and that they are fighting to defend their homes from jealous invaders. Their Government had to tell them some such lie to give them the heart to fight. If only the democracy of Germany were given a clear vision of how they have been deceived it is doubtful if they would have the heart to carry on the war another month.

The truth is that Germany is too confined for the growth and ambitions of her people. She came too late on the scene as a great united nation and found the earth already apportioned. Naturally she cast envious eyes on other races. England, France, America, Russia, barred the way to expansion on all sides. In 1864 Prussia jointly with Austria attacked Denmark; in 1866 she attacked Austria, having acquired the good-will of France. And then in 1870 she provoked and humiliated France into a declaration of war, when the French army was ill-prepared to take the field. The Franco-German War gave her the two provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. In 1911 she was again on the point of plunging France into war over Morrocco, when England intervened. All this time she was training the biggest army the world has ever seen, and building a navy which she hoped was going to sweep England off the seas. In the efforts to keep pace with the growth of the German army and navy the whole of Europe was becoming a drill-ground. Every nation was conscious of Germany's ambitions. England, Russia and France formed a defensive union known as the "Triple Entente." Germany's allies were Austria and Italy. The only hope of peace now was that these two groups should preserve such an even balance of power that neither would dare to attack the other. Germany however, being the only nation that desired war, had entered into preparations with the greatest energy. In 1914 she felt herself strong enough, with the support of Austria, to strike.

The Immediate Provocation.—Germany had laid the mine: it only needed a spark to explode it. The opportunity came through her ally, Austria. On June 28, 1914, the Archduke Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria, and his Duchess were murdered in the streets of Serajevo. The assassins were Serbians. Austria, as we now know with the consent of Germany, demanded reparation of the Serbian Government. The terms she imposed were so humiliating that the acceptance of them by Serbia meant the loss of her independence. The only other alternative was war. This was exactly what Germany and Austria desired.

Serbia is a Slav nation akin to Russia and Rumania. Germany feared a strong Slav combination. The Germans are Teutons, the Russians Slavs. Rivalry and bitterness existed between the two nations; and we had long expected a struggle in which their immense forces would clash and decide which was to dominate the other. The moment seemed propitious to Germany. She was prepared; Russia was not. Serbia appealed to Russia, her national protector, for help. Russia advised her to submit to all of Austria's demands with one exception, the interference of Austrian officials in Serbia. Acting upon Russia's advice Serbia so far complied with the Austrian ultimatum. But Austria was not satisfied. She insisted on Serbia's complete humiliation. It became clear to all the powers that she, with Germany at her back, was using the Serajevo murders as an excuse for aggression. Her aims were the complete absorption of Serbia, and one more step in her advance to her goal on the Bosphorus. Russia, of course, was bound by honour and interest to assist Serbia. So the way lay open to a world war. Russia would drag in France, and England could not stand by and see France destroyed. The only hope now was that the Central Powers (Germany and Austria) were counting on attaining their ends by a display of strength, and that, when they found that the

allies were united in resistance, they would admit a compromise which might avert the storm.

But Germany was bent on war. In vain did Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Secretary, made proposal after proposal for mediation. In vain did Nicholas, the Tsar of Russia, by means of a personal telegram to the Emperor William, offer to submit the Austro-Serbian problem to a conference at the Hague. The Kaiser replied bluntly, harshly, insolently, and when Austria seemed likely to negotiate, he forced her hand and plunged Europe into war. The Hun in his arrogance pursued his dream of conquest. He boasted that in a few weeks France would be at the feet of the Prussian host. The destruction of Russia would follow after France was disposed of. England, he hoped, threatened with civil war in Ireland, would not dare to enter the war. She would become an easy prey when France and Russia were vanquished. Before the leaves were off the trees the German soldier would be at home, his bloody work finished, and the whole world obedient to the law of the Hun.

Germany Declares War on Russia.—Germany first declared war on Russia on the pretext that Russia was mobilizing, *i.e.* moving her armies. And it was true. By a wicked deception Germany caused Russia to mobilize first in order to prove that she was the aggressor. The Berlin newspapers, instructed by their Government, announced that Germany was mobilizing. This news was naturally cabled by the Russian Ambassador to his Government, and Russia began to mobilize in self-defence. Germany then announced that her mobilization order was a mistake, but she first closed the telegraph wires so that Russia could not be informed. Russia was well advanced in her mobilization when the German denial came. Germany by this pretext hoped to make it appear that her campaign was defensive, and that Russia had been the first to attack. The German people alone were deceived by their

Government's trick, but the incident deserves to be remembered, as it is an example of Germany's methods.

II

The Stand of Belgium.—Germany wished to move her army across free and neutral Belgium to attack France. To submit meant dishonour, yet Germany never imagined that the small Belgian Army would dare to oppose her. But, insignificant as they were in numbers, the Belgians prepared to defend their soil against the invasion of the greatest military power in the world. There was no hope, of course, for Belgium in such a resistance. It was only a question of hours, how long her fortresses could hold out. The irresistible tide of the German army must soon sweep aside every barrier she could put up. But time, in war, is everything. Every day and hour she held back the German advance, helped France and England to collect their forces. So she devoted herself gloriously to the cause of honour and freedom, and prepared to defy the Hun.

The fortifications of Liège on the Meuse lay right in the path of the invading army. Or rather, the Germans could not afford to leave the position behind them untaken. They first attacked with infantry and were driven back with loss. Then they brought up their guns and one by one destroyed the fortifications. They expected a bloodless surrender, or at the most a feeble resistance. But they had not reckoned on the Belgian spirit. The first shots were fired on August 4; Liège was entered on August 7. Thus the gallant Belgian defence held back the Hun invasion four days. And it secured a further delay; for in attacking Namur, the second important Belgian fortress in their line of advance, the Germans would not face the losses of an infantry attack unsupported by heavy artillery, as at Liège; so they waited to bring up their guns. Unhappily, the time gained by the Belgians did not help the Allies as much as

might be expected. This was partly due to lack of information as to the German movements. Also, the desperate plight of Belgium, who had come into the breach so heroically, could not be disregarded. Her appeals for help decided a change in the campaign which, but for chivalrous and sentimental reasons, was a mistake. The French and British armies pushed forward over the frontier into Belgian territory instead of holding a strong line of defence in France, which might have held back the German wave. Namur fell on August 23, after a short siege. The German heavy guns were allowed to come close up in the mist and they made short work of the fortifications. This practically ended the Belgian resistance. Her army fell back on Antwerp and the coast. Brussels, the capital, was occupied and had to pay a fine of eight million pounds. Nearly every town and village in the country was burnt, and the Hun's malice vented itself against the civilian inhabitants. This persecution, the record of which forms one of the blackest pages of modern history, was in some degree due to passion and vindictiveness. But what is worse is that it was encouraged by the German General Staff in order to frighten the people of Belgium and to deter other small neutral nations who might be hesitating whether to follow her example of bravery and sacrifice.

The might of Germany was now directed against the Western Front. England's small army, as we know now, was marked by the Kaiser as the first object to be destroyed. His orders to Von Kluck, the German General, were definite. For Germany's envy and hatred of England, now that she had come into the war and by means of her fleet baulked Germany of an easy victory over France, became so passionate that to us it seemed a kind of insanity. At a later stage a German poet composed a Hymn of Hate, which was solemnly chanted by the Hun to relieve his feelings. This was highly ridiculous.

To German calculations our small army might well appear "contemptible" if numbers were the test. Her own, when she entered the war, amounted to some four million men, whereas at this crisis we could only put 75,000 into the field in France. Being an island, England has always put her main fighting strength into the Navy. This has made her impregnable to attack by sea, but it has not left her able to make a strong offensive by land in the event of a war in which she would be called upon to support an ally on the continent. With obligations which might demand an Expeditionary Force to be sent across the Channel her army should have been much larger.

The Retreat from Mons.—On Sunday, August 23, the British Expeditionary Force, which had been landed in France and pushed up over the Belgian frontier, awaited the German attack at Mons. They were entrenched and held their ground confidently. All day they drove back the German infantry, who came on in massed formation suffering the most appalling losses. Our troops could have dealt with such enemy forces as they had reason to believe were opposed to them. But the German strength had been greatly under-estimated. Unknown to us, Von Bülow's army had driven back the French on our right across the River Sambre. As his army hurled itself on their front our allies had been exposed to a flank attack at the same time by a force whose presence they had not suspected. They had fallen back. This left our right exposed, and in the confusion, the French neglected to inform us of their retreat. Thus, when the British were holding nearly three times their numbers in front, the enemy were descending on their left and right. When General French, the British Commander, learned that the French were being pressed back, he ordered a retirement. For to have held on to the position would have meant that his small force must have been surrounded, and destroyed.

Thus began the famous retreat from Mons. It is difficult for a man who is not a soldier to realize how true it is that the orderly retreat of an army before odds calls for much higher powers of courage, endurance and discipline than are demanded of troops in the advance to an attack. A retreat such as that of the British army from Mons and of the French army on their right, may by error of generalship or lack of coolness and cohesion among the men become a disaster and a rout. The method employed is for the rear of the force to take up a position and hold the enemy back while the rest of the force makes good its retreat. It must hold its ground long enough to enable the advanced troops to get away, but not so long as to give the enemy a chance of surrounding it and cutting it off. The British army in the retreat from Mons were outnumbered by three to one and threatened in the flank and rear. They were worn out by marching, thirsty and footsore and sleepless. Day after day they fell back, the rear-guard fighting desperately and in constant danger of being enveloped and cut off. Exhausted troops would stumble into the lines half dead with fatigue, often, after they had had a bare hour's sleep, to be awakened for another march. A hundred miles were covered in this way. To many it was their first experience of war. In none of the victories which they were to win in happier days did they earn such glory as in this retreat. That they preserved their steadiness and spirit and were not annihilated is proof enough of their mettle. When at last the chance offered and the order was given to turn and strike, the relief was so great that they went into the assault like men refreshed.

The Battle of the Marne.—By the end of August all the fortresses of the north had fallen. The cities of Lille, Arras, Amiens, La Fère, and Laon were occupied; the Belgian army had fallen back on Antwerp, and the French and English

were holding the last defences of Paris behind the River Marne. The French Government had left Paris for Bordeaux and it seemed that the city was doomed. The sound of cannon could be heard in the streets. Yet the Allies avoided the worst evil. Their line was not broken. Their armies were intact. On the Marne, General Joffre, the French Commander, was given his chance. He took it, like the born leader that he was, and fought the battle that turned the tide of the war.

It was a running battle and it lasted seven days, from September 6 to September 12. This time the Germans were in retreat, falling back east and north by forced marches, and fighting rear-guard actions as were the Allies ten days earlier. A mistake of the German Staff was the cause of the turn of the tide—or rather a miscalculation. Von Kluck, in his eagerness to split up the allied armies by driving in a wedge, marched right across the British front. He thought we were beaten after the long dispiriting retreat. But he had not gauged the French and British spirit. Joffre had been waiting for a favourable opportunity to take the offensive, and this was the first chance the Germans offered. The French and English fell upon them and pressed them back day after day in many a bloody battle until, on September 12, after a retreat of fifty miles, they were holding their strong prepared position on the River Aisne.

The Battle of the Aisne.—This was the line the Germans had chosen to fall back upon in case of a reverse, a natural fortress and strong line of defence, where from high ground they were able to sweep our troops with their artillery and rifle fire as they crossed the river and valley and came up the slope of the hill. Nothing but an enormous number of guns could dislodge the enemy from a position like this ; and for a long time the German guns outnumbered ours and they seemed to have an endless supply of ammunition. We

forced the passage of the river and attacked them for seven days. Then, finding that the frontal attack made no progress, we dug ourselves in, close to their trenches. So we faced each other. The battle-line soon extended from Switzerland to the sea—two vast opposing fortresses each besieging the other.

The Race for the Sea.—Joffre's next move, finding the gate closed on the Aisne, was an attempt to turn the Germans' right. But here numbers told. The Germans were being reinforced in such numbers that it was only good generalship and the magnificent resistance of our troops that saved our left from being outflanked by them. If this had happened the Hun would have gained the channel ports of Calais and Boulogne whence they hoped to strike at the heart of England, or at least to isolate our army in France, cutting off our reinforcements and supplies.

The next act in the drama was the race for the sea. We got there first and stopped the gap through which the Germans meant to pour into Calais. On October 19, from Nieuport on the coast, the Allies' line of trenches was joined up with the position on the Aisne and extended east again beyond that to the Swiss frontier. This was the barrier against which the Germans hurled themselves in vain.

The Fall of Antwerp.—On October 9, Antwerp fell. The small British force of Marines was powerless to save it. The Belgians had made the city their base after the fall of Liège, Namur and Brussels; and from it they had fallen on the German flank. They had retaken Malines and Alost and threatened the railway communications with Brussels. These gains were necessarily short-lived as the Germans could put vastly superior forces into the field against them. But the withdrawal of these enemy troops, who would have otherwise been thrown into the scale against the hardly pressed French and British, served the purpose of the Allies. This

was part of Belgium's heroic sacrifice. Germany offered to spare Antwerp if only she would cease to take an active part in the campaign. But she had entered the war in no uncertain spirit, preferring honour and faith high above interest. When everything seemed lost she did not seek to soften the calamity by any weak compromise, but preferred to die fighting in the last trench. The Belgians were now homeless. The remnants of the army made their way east and joined up with the British. The Government left Antwerp by sea for Havre. The greater part of the civil population took refuge in England, where every home was open to the honoured guest.

German Atrocities in Belgium.—The gallant stand made by a small nation defending her liberties against the most formidable army in the world would have awakened respect in a generous foe. But there is no chivalry in the Hun. The bitterness of his rage against Belgium was only equalled by his hatred of the British, and his vindictiveness knew no bounds. Men, women and children were murdered; cities and villages were burned to the ground; cathedrals and churches were destroyed. The German outrages in Belgium were as savage and cruel as any in history. The drunken German soldiery were licensed to plunder and kill. And this was policy—many of their excesses they admit and excuse. "The necessity of frightfulness" is their creed. "One has to make an example," they say. So whole cities are put to the sword on the suspicion of a shot fired by a single civilian. Greed, under the name of patriotism, has so hardened their souls that pity and chivalry cannot enter in.

The German Thrust on Calais.—The fall of Antwerp released 120,000 German troops against the British and French. In addition to these, four new armies were massing for the attack. The channel ports were the objective now. The Germans delivered this attack at four points, along the coast, where the remnants of the Belgian army were holding the line

of the Yser, at Ypres, at La Bassée, and at Arras. From October 20 to November 17 was the most critical month of the war. On the Yser the broken and war-weary Belgian army, fighting desperately to the end, were saved by the sea and the floods. The Huns' attack on the side of the coast was broken up by our naval guns. Thus Nieuport was saved; while further inland, just as the German wave seemed to be irresistible and bearing everything before it, the Belgians dammed the canals and opened the sluices. This stopped the road to Calais, and the advanced troops of the Huns were drowned or swept away by the Belgian guns as they struggled in the water.

The Next Attempt.—The attack on La Bassée lasted ten days. It too was beaten back; *and here for the first time the Indians stood beside their British comrades on European soil and fought a European foe.* The Indians were strangers to shells, and bombs and trench mortars and the horrors of scientific destruction. The fighting was unlike anything they had experienced in the frontier wars at home. Yet in spite of the utter strangeness of the scene they acquitted themselves gallantly and held the breach against the Hun. It was in this phase of the fighting that the Indian Regiments, the 47th Sikhs and the 9th Bhopal Infantry, with a company of Indian Sappers and Miners, recaptured for a while the lost village of Neuve Chapelle.

At Arras the French held the gate of the Allies' wall of defence where the Germans made their third attempt to break through; and the fighting here was as fierce as round La Bassée, though not so sustained; for after their first failure the Germans drew off troops to reinforce their main thrust at Ypres.

The First Battle of Ypres.—Ypres was the crisis. It was one of the decisive battles of the world. From October 20 to November 17 the fate of civilization hung in the balance.

Over 600,000 Germans hurled themselves day after day against a thin line of British which, during most of the battle, was not more than 100,000 strong. The battle raged for four weeks and the same troops held the line all the time ; for there were no fresh troops to throw in. Every man who could hold a rifle was brought up to the firing line. At times it seemed a hopeless struggle. Whole Brigades and Divisions were driven back ; but by desperate counter-attacks the lost ground was regained ; trenches were captured at the point of the bayonet. At places the Germans broke through : but all who penetrated our lines perished. The slaughter on either side was terrific. The two Brigades of the Prussian Guard who were thrown in in the last desperate assault were nearly annihilated. Our own losses were great. Whole battalions were wiped out. In one Division, which for a long time bore the brunt of the battle, out of 400 officers only 44 were left, and out of 12,000 men only 2,336. Nearly 50,000 British fell in the four weeks' fighting about Ypres. It is no exaggeration to say that the old regular British army which had left England in the second week of August to save France *had ceased to exist.* But their splendid sacrifice was not in vain. As our Prime Minister forcibly put it, speaking on the anniversary of the battle three years afterwards, "The old army gathered the spears of the Prussian legion into its heart and in perishing saved Europe."

Ypres was decisive. It was a defensive battle, but it was a victory. If we had let the Germans through, the fruits of the Battle of the Marne would have been thrown away, the road to Paris would have been open, the channel ports would have fallen, and we should not have been able to gather and maintain the immense armies which are now fighting in France. And England herself would have been threatened, with the Hun at Dunkirk or Calais levelling a pistol at her head.

The French.—In these early stages of the war, before our new army had been trained and equipped, we were holding only a tenth of the line held by the French and ourselves on the Western Front. It should be remembered that the fighting I have described about Ypres and Arras and on the Marne and Aisne was being waged with varying intensity from the coast to the Swiss frontier. At first the biggest German offensive, aimed at Paris and the Channel ports, was flung against the British and French in Flanders and Northern France. But the shock of arms by no means ended here. The gallant French held back the wave with desperate tenacity on a hundred other fields. For the first year they bore the greater share of the fighting. Their chivalry and devotion were gloriously sustained as in the past. There is no more generous or single-minded race in the world; and every Frenchman thought himself happy if in dying he gave his life to save an inch of the sacred soil of France from the defilement of the Hun. Courage, gaiety, dash, the brilliant offensive spirit which in many a campaign has proved irresistible, have always been recognized as the national qualities of the French; but few before this war realized the great height of endurance, discipline, and undaunted resolution under trial to which they could attain. It was manifest in the first days of the German onslaught, but France was to stand the supreme test, and achieve her crowning glory, later in the War, in the Battle of Verdun.

The Indians.—Before we leave France to follow the struggle on the Eastern Front it is necessary to say a word about the Indians. A special chapter in this volume is devoted to the Indian Army. Its splendid fighting qualities are described and its old brave deeds recorded. It is necessary here, as a link in the connected story, to show exactly where the sepoy came in France and how essential a part he played in the struggle. The Indian troops left Karachi and Bombay in

September, 1914. They disembarked in October at Marseilles, where they were greeted with the most intense enthusiasm by the French people. As they marched through the streets the pavements were thronged by cheering crowds. That day was the beginning of the friendship which lasted through their whole stay in France. The Sepoy has carried back kindly memories of the French, and his presence among them at this crisis as a comrade fighting the battles of humanity and civilization has left a tradition that will endure as long as history. In October and November and throughout the winter, when our thin line was "holding on like grim death, mid ice and snow, to shattered trenches", they came into the breach. These were the days when Germany was hurling her "invincible armies" on Ypres, Arras and La Bassée in her vain thrust on Calais, the most critical days in the war. We were extending our already thinned line towards the sea. Nearly every rifle, as we have seen, was in the firing line, and as we moved north and west someone had to come in and fill the gap. The Indian troops arrived in the nick of time and they held on manfully. They endured all the hardships of winter, the fierce trench fighting, the wet cold nights in mud and snow. They were broken and shattered and often driven back, but rallied again. They held on and never let the Hun through. And this is the most glorious page in Indian history, comparable to the chivalry of Chitore, and greater in its results, that, holding their small bit of line beside their British comrades, they helped to roll back the invader and save civilization.

From the last week of May, 1915, to September, when they had another hot burst of fighting, the Indians were not engaged, and in November and December, 1915, after a year in the country, the Infantry left France. How valiantly Indian troops acquitted themselves in Mesopotamia will be seen later.

Russia.—We will carry the story now to Russia and the Eastern Front, tell of the loss of the German colonies, and the intervention of Italy, and follow the fortunes of Turkey, Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece, Roumania, and the struggle in the Balkans. And in giving a brief outline of this crowded drama the connection will be the clearer if, instead of following the order of dates and passing rapidly from front to front, we take each front in its turn and carry the narrative on to Christmas, 1917. Thus by anticipating a little we can gain a better view of the bearing of each part on the whole; and having straightened out our story we will return to France, the vital theatre of the war, where the real issue is being fought.

We expected great things of Russia. It was hoped that, while on the Western Front the Germans and Allied forces were locked in the grip of battle, the immense force of Russia would invade the Prussian frontier and pour down in an irresistible wave on Berlin. We recognized that the Russian movement must be slow, owing to the vast distances to be covered, to the lack of railways, and to certain defects of organization. Nevertheless we pinned our faith on Russia, her huge armies, and her vast resources. The Huns had thrown in their main attack on the Western Front. If we could hold them there we hoped the Russians would break through on the East and decide the issue in Berlin.

Tannenberg.—In the beginning the Russians had a measure of success. They invaded Eastern Prussia and spread panic there. They captured Tilsit, and Allenstein and Königsberg; but the term of their invasion was short. A crushing defeat was inflicted on them at Tannenberg in the last week of August, 1914. The Russian Army in Eastern Prussia was surrounded; hundreds of guns were lost; and the Germans took between eighty and ninety thousand prisoners. This great German victory was due to the genius of one man—von Hindenburg, who from that moment became the idol of the

German people. Success in the East was not expected at this early stage. It was the German policy to crush France first, and then, when she lay helpless at her feet, to fall on Russia. It was intended at the beginning that her army on the Prussian frontier should be content with a defensive role. But the Russians in their invasion of Eastern Prussia were carried too far, and offered the enemy an opportunity which Hindenburg was quick to seize and turn to account.

Russian Offensive in Galicia..—The Russian reverse at Tannenberg was quickly followed by a series of victories against the Austrians in the south, and for the next few months the gains more than balanced the loss. Tarnopol, Halicz and Lemberg fell to the Russians in turn. The whole of Eastern Galicia was occupied. The Austrian army was routed. The pursuing Russians invested Przemysl, which fell eventually on March 22, 1915, threatened Cracow, poured over the Carpathians and invaded Hungary. For the time being the Austrian army was put out of action. It ceased to exist as an *offensive* force. Further north Hindenburg, who had followed up his victory of Tannenberg by the invasion of Russia, was held up on the River Niemen. It was clear that nothing could be done by Germany in this direction and he fell back, with the Russian army pressing him hard and inflicting heavy loss.

The Fall of Warsaw and Invasion of Russia.—But the star of Hindenburg was to rise again. The next nine months saw the tide of battle ebbing and flowing east and west. Twice the Russians advanced on Cracow. Twice Hindenburg made his thrust at Warsaw and was only beaten back at the very gate of the city. The main passes of the Carpathians were taken and retaken again. But June, 1915, saw the beginning of the great Austro-German offensive which was to carry everything before it. The German armies swept east in an irresistible flood. On June 3, they retook Przemysl, and on June 22,

Lemberg, which had been 293 days in the Russians' hands. Galicia was recovered. Warsaw fell on August 5. The Germans and Austrians poured into Russia proper. Vilna was taken and it seemed that Riga would fall. It looked as if nothing could check the advance of the Germans, but they never broke through or surrounded the Russian Army, which fell back in orderly retirement.

At that time the discipline, courage and endurance of the Russians was beyond all praise. They were hampered by shortage of guns and lack of ammunition. One heard of battalions who had fired their last cartridge and of others who went into the attack armed only with bayonets against shot and shell. Yet before winter set in they rallied and held the line of the Dvina. The German wave had spent itself. They threw in attack after attack on Dvinsk and Riga. They had been confident of winning this line as a starting point for their thrust on Petrograd in the spring. But their bolt was shot. Their losses were colossal. The Russians were now better supplied with munitions and could hold their ground. 1915 was a dark year for Russia ; but she was to rally again and strike some hard blows before Civil War and Revolution unnerved her arm.

Brusiloff's Offensive.—In June, 1916, the Russian General, Brusiloff, drove in a mighty offensive between the Pripet marshes and Roumania, and captured 300,000 prisoners. It looked as if Austria was doomed ; but Germany, unable to defeat Russia by the sword, had employed other means. She spread poison by a campaign of lies and intrigue. Her agents were conspiring to corrupt the Russian Government. Traitors were at work behind the army. Brusiloff's arrested offensive was the first signal of the upheaval and collapse that removed Russia from the scene.

It was Brusiloff's success that heartened Roumania to come in on the side of the Allies. If only she had come in

earlier all might have been well. But she waited too long and Russia was not able to give her the help she needed. But before we take up the story of Roumania we must turn to the German invasion of Serbia in the Autumn of 1915.

Serbia and Bulgaria.—In the Autumn of 1915, von Mackensen, the German General, was preparing his great drive against the Serbians. In November, 1914, "Little Serbia" had repelled Austria's attacks and flung her army back in confusion over the Danube. Now, weakened as she was by the long struggle and the scourge of typhus, she had little hope of withstanding the on-rush of von Mackensen and the German armies. Her peril was doubled by an enemy on her flank. For Bulgaria had been bribed by the offer of a piece of land in Turkey to stab her in the side when she was locked in the death grapple with von Mackensen and thus to hasten her end. It was a base action on the part of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria; for in spite of recent differences Serbia and Bulgaria had fought side by side against the Turk and had shed their blood together in the cause of freedom. At the same time her action was a betrayal of Russia, to whom Bulgaria owed her liberation from the Turkish yoke. Religious and racial ties were forgotten for the greed of the moment. Gratitude counted for nothing. But it is only fair to say that the treachery of Ferdinand (a sovereign, by the way, of German birth) was viewed with horror by many of his subjects.

With the enemy to the north (Mackensen), east (Bulgaria) and West (the Austrian army in Bosnia) Serbia was now doomed. Her capital, Belgrade, fell on October 9. It was not until von Mackensen had crossed the Danube and Serbia was at his mercy, that Bulgaria attacked Serbia in the flank and rear. On October 22, the Bulgarians entered Uskub. Nish fell on November 6, and the Germans were in possession of the road to Constantinople. The Serbians made a brave fight, holding up the enemy in the passes to enable

the remnant of the small army to get away. Less than 150,000 of them reached the coast.

Greece.—But what was Greece doing all this time? Greece was bound by a treaty with Serbia to come to her aid. When Serbia was threatened by the German invasion the Greek Premier, Venizelos, had appealed to France and Britain for an army of 150,000 men, and Greece had mobilized. But at the last minute her fear got the better of her sense of honour. Venizelos, the patriot minister, had to resign, and King Constantine, influenced by fear, or his German wife (the Kaiser's sister), or both, declined battle. In the meanwhile our force for the relief of the Serbians had started. The troops landed at Salonica after a formal protest by the Greek Government, whose chief anxiety seems to have been to keep on safe terms with both sides. Thus afterwards, if Germany won the war she could say, "We protested against the Allies' landing, but they violated our territory." Yet her ministers had called to us for help.

The Allies were too late to save Serbia, though within a year they were helping her to win back Monastir; and without the help of Greece, on which they had counted, they were not in sufficient strength to penetrate north and seriously threaten the Bulgarian army. So for months that have run into years there has been a stalemate at Salonica.

Roumania.—Roumania, as we have seen, came in too late. Russia was not able to give her the support she needed. In every respect she was inferior to the well-trained and well-equipped German armies that were to oppose her, more especially in leadership and strategy. Her Generals were novices in war; her organization was at fault. She began the campaign by a costly error, throwing her main strength over the Carpathian passes in an attack on Transylvania.

Transylvania was the land of her own people, the cradle of her race. Her aim in entering the war was not merely to

secure her own independence, but to liberate her kinsmen over the border from the Hungarian yoke. She fought for the principle of nationality and the union of the whole race. This could only be attained by defeating the enemy, and she would have been wiser if she had been guided by *military* considerations alone, and had not been tempted into the invasion of Transylvania by national and political ideals. Her mistake was that in crossing the Carpathians her armies were divided by impassable mountain ranges and so gave the Austrians the opportunity, which every general seeks in war, of attacking the enemy in detail by superior forces before that enemy is able to collect his disunited groups for a strong offensive.

In addition to her Austrian front Roumania had to guard her Bulgarian frontier on the south, and here she made the same mistake. Her failure to distribute her forces according to sound principles of strategy enabled General von Mackensen, commanding the Bulgarian army, to inflict a reverse on her, which made it necessary to recall part of her force from Transylvania. These troops were already too weak for the object they had in view and the result was that by the middle of October the enemy had recaptured the whole of the ground that Roumania had gained west of the Carpathians.

But worse was to follow. The Russians, who had promised to help Roumania, came too late. The Bulgarians, led by von Mackensen, and reinforced by their Allies, the Turks, captured the port of Constanza on the Black Sea and the bridge over the Danube at Czernavoda. Then they poured into Roumania from the south and in the last week of November, 1916, effected a junction with the armies of von Falkenhayn, who had crossed the Carpathians. Bukharest fell on December 6, the Roumanian Government left the city, and the capital was transferred to Jassy. Two-thirds of the country and

the rich oil-fields and corn lands were in the hands of the enemy and Germany was able to escape *the effects of our blockade* by receiving the Roumanian harvest of 1917.

Thus the entry of Roumania into the war proved a calamity. Russia, on whom she had depended, was already weakened by her internal troubles which were coming to a head. "The Army behind the Army", as the great organization of workers is called on whom the *fighting force* depends for munitions and supplies, had begun to fail her. And Germany with her central position possessed an advantage which the Allies are only now beginning to appreciate. For the first three and a half years of the war, though our common aim was identical, we lacked unity and co-operation in our plan of campaign. The great promise for the future lies in an Allied War Council, a united offensive, a common strategy, and a central control.

Germany loses her Colonies.—In this volume the story of the war by sea will be told by a sailor. It will be seen how the war by land must have been lost if we had not held the command of the sea. It was owing to our navy that we were able to send troops to fight on the continent and in Egypt, Palestine, Mesopotamia, Serbia, Gallipoli, Italy, Macedonia, and the German colonies. From the beginning it was clear that all Germany's dominions overseas must fall. Her colonies put up a stout fight, especially East Africa; but their conquest was only a matter of time. Japan declared war in August, 1914, and demanded the cession of Kiao-Chau, Germany's leased territory in China. The Huns fought stubbornly, but after an investment of three months, Kiao-Chau fell to the Japanese. Germany's Pacific Islands and German New Guinea passed from her sway. In Africa, Togoland and the Cameroons, her colonies on the west coast, were the first to go. German South-West Africa was occupied in July, 1915. Here our old enemies, the Boers, placed

themselves on the British side, contrary to German expectation.

In East Africa the Germans held out until November, 1917. The Boers, again, commanded by General Smuts, played the lion's part in the final conquest of the colony. Indian troops were also engaged and acquitted themselves well. The Germans were skilfully led; they avoided a decisive battle, and owed much to the impenetrable nature of the country and the vast distances we had to cover with no adequate communications. Still, the fighting man cannot withhold his admiration for the stubbornness of the defence. The Germans made a brave stand and held out for nearly three and a half years. One only regrets that in East Africa, as elsewhere, men worthy of our steel should stoop to fortify their cause by lies and deceit. A large part of the Arab community was won over by the Hun's assurance that a German victory would mean the restoration of the Slave Trade. Possibly it might. But what a confession of barbarism! What a falling away from the vaunted boast of "Kultur" is contained in the promise. For if there is one thing on which the Englishman prides himself it is the abolition of slavery under the British flag.

The German Submarine Campaign.—We owe the conquest of Germany's colonial Empire as much to the navy as to the gallant troops who successfully concluded the operations. But there are three other main parts played by our fleet which have been essential in carrying on the war by land. The first is the safeguarding of the British Isles from invasion; the second is the blockade of the German coast, by which war material and supplies are denied entrance into her ports; and the third is the protection of the mercantile shipping of allied and neutral countries from German submarines. Towards the end of January, 1915, Germany conceived the plan of ending the war by submarines. She argued

that the armies and civil population of the allies depended largely upon the supplies they were drawing from overseas. England especially depended on the corn that was brought her in ships. Four loaves of bread out of every five consumed by the British people were the product of foreign soil. It was as plain as daylight that if Great Britain's ships were destroyed her people must starve. Germany had only to build a large fleet of submarines, and carry on a campaign of ruthless piracy, sinking every vessel at sight, allied or neutral, merchantmen and passenger ships, with their freight of women and children; and England, she reckoned, would give in after a few weeks. She even hoped that British sailors with this menace in front of them would be afraid to put out to sea. The fact that such acts are inhuman and illegal did not deter her. What other nations reckon as murder is to the Germans a justifiable means to an end.

But happily for mankind she had miscalculated. Her end was not attained. Allied and neutral sailors defied her. It was this ruthlessness, in which she showed her evil spirit, that estranged all nations from her, and made her the common enemy of man. The sinking of the *Lusitania,* in which women and children were swept into the sea to perish without help or warning, was an act of barbarism that did its authors little good, for it was one of the chief causes which made it impossible for America to remain neutral. But the savage ruthlessness of the German submarine policy had not yet reached its climax. The Hun's aim was to intercept food and munitions destined for the Allies; but the sight of the helpless passengers and crews struggling in the water suggested an easy way of murder. Not content with sinking the ships and leaving the crew to take their chance of drowning or surviving, the Hun pirates sometimes deliberately murdered them with shell-fire. Perhaps the most cold-

blooded assassination which they committed was in the case of the steamer *Belgian Prince* (July 31, 1917). After sinking the ship they sank her boats and compelled the crew to muster on the submarine's deck. The wretched men were stripped of their lifebelts and the submarine submerged, her captain leaving the forty British seamen to drown.

Germany an Outlaw.—Her submarine campaign was another one of Germany's mistakes. The allies suffered heavily by her piracy, but owing to the gallantry of their seamen they were able to keep it within check. England was *not* starved; the allied armies on the continent contrived to be fed and munitioned from overseas. Meanwhile by her piracy Germany had placed herself outside the pale of civilization. Her savagery could not be hidden or explained away. One by one the neutral nations sided with the allies. America, Portugal, China, Brazil, Mexico, Siam, practically all the neutral states that enjoyed freedom of movement, declared war. America's entry on the side of the Allies meant untold moral and material support. As for the smaller nations, they could not send armies to the scene of conflict, but their decision meant that Germany was out-lawed by the common consent of the civilized world, and that her ships detained in foreign ports were lost to her.

Italy enters the War.—Italy hesitated a long while before she entered the war. She had been the ally of Germany and Austria, but the alliance did not bind her to fight for the Central Powers in a war provoked by their aggression. She was hostile to Austria because of her hold on the Italian-speaking country between her eastern frontier and Trieste. This was called "Italia Irredenta" or "unredeemed Italy," and it was the dream of every patriot to unite the whole race under one government. It was the same principle that urged Roumania to take up arms in order to free her kinsmen over the border from the yoke of Hungary. Thus there was a

strong popular feeling for the allies, who represented the principle of nationality, as against Germany, whose victory could only mean her command of the Adriatic and the constant menace of Italian liberties. As the war progressed, Germany's barbarous methods so incensed the Italians that their feeling against Germany hardened, and a climax was reached when it became known that the German and Austrian Ambassadors had been intriguing with the pro-German statesman, Gioletti, behind the back of the Italian Government. In the wave of popular indignation that followed, Italy threw in her lot with the allies. Austria tried to purchase her neutrality by the promise of concessions. But after Germany's record of broken faith nobody trusted her or her ally. So her advances were rejected, and on May 23, 1915, Italy declared war against Austria-Hungary.

The Italian Front.—Italy's intervention in the war was invaluable to the Allies, as she drew off large Austrian forces which were employed against Russia. The Italians had two main fronts, the one facing Carnia and the Trentino on the north, the other facing the Isonzo River on the east. Austria everywhere had the advantage of ground; all the passes were in her hands; her fortresses on the mountains commanded the Italian plain; and Italy had to fight up-hill. The line of least resistance for her advance lay to the east across the Isonzo towards Trieste, and this was the only direction in which she could make a serious offensive. The great danger of such an advance was that, as she pressed east, her flank was exposed to attack from the north, more especially where the Trentino runs down like a wedge into Italian territory. To secure herself against this threat she had to keep a large army operating in the north while she pursued her natural line of advance towards Trieste. In spite of all these difficulties Italy pressed steadily forward during the summer and early autumn (1915) and gained victories

on both fronts, though these did not bring her much nearer Trieste or the conquest of the Trentino. The campaign in the hills amongst avalanches and glaciers and precipices has probably no parallel in the history of mountain warfare. Garrisons were often cut off by the snow for weeks and months at a time. The tunnelling and mining in the rock, and the approaches cut for heavy guns were triumphs of engineering. Sometimes the only way to take an Austrian post was to blow up the whole mountain top with dynamite. But the Italian Alpini are amongst the finest mountaineers in the world. One by one they took the main passes from the Austrians.

The Influence of the Russian Campaign on the Italian Front.—Austria's great difficulty was a shortage of men. She had not sufficient troops to turn the natural advantages of her frontier to account. Her attention was divided between Italy and Russia, whereas Italy had only one enemy to deal with. Thus the ebb and flow of battle on the Italian front mainly depended on the striking power of Russia. So long as Russia was in difficulties, Austria was able to take away large forces from her eastern front and hurl them against the Italians. But when Russia threatened Austria, the Austrian force opposing the Italians was weakened to meet the attack, and Italy was able to make her presence felt and push forward her invasion eastwards across the Isonzo. This explains the preliminary success of the Austrian offensive launched in May, 1916. Whole armies had been taken away from the Russian front against Italy, for Austria did not fear an attack from the east after the shattering reverses inflicted upon the Russians during Hindenburg's invasion of 1915. Here, as will be seen, she miscalculated. Yet, at a moment when Russia was reorganising and unable to attack, Austria was able to press her advantage far.

The First Austrian Offensive in the Trentino.—The aim of the Austrians who had concentrated on the Trentino was to break through the mountains and pour down into the Venetian plains. They opened the campaign with an overwhelming superiority of guns and the Italian front line was blasted away. Our allies, who were outnumbered by four to one, fell back disputing every position with desperate courage. The struggle in the mountains lasted nearly three weeks. The Italians were driven from ridge to ridge, but their splendid resolution wore down the Austrian attack. The assault slackened, weakened, and then died away at a time when everything seemed lost and the enemy were a bare eighteen miles from Vicenza, and the trunk line. If they had gained the railway the Italian army on the Isonzo would have been cut off and Italy must have suffered a crushing defeat.

Italy's Thrust Towards Trieste.—It was then that Russia delivered her knock-down blow. The enemy had not reckoned on her recovery; but at the very moment that the Austrian forces were tied up in the mountains on the Italian frontier Brusiloff drove in his offensive in Galicia. The offensive of Austria was paralysed. She had to retire as best she could. In the meanwhile the Italians lost no time in their new thrust on the Isonzo. They attacked on August 7, 1916, and in two days they were in Gorizia and swarming across the Carso plain. From this date until the Russian collapse the offensive lay with them, and Austria was on the defensive. They continued their thrust vigorously towards Trieste and reached a point within ten miles of the city. Trieste might have fallen if Russia had held out, but her disappearance from the scene released huge German and Austrian armies which were thrown on the Italian front.

The Austro-German Invasion of Italy.—The great Austrian offensive began in the last week of October, 1917. Enormous

forces were engaged, but it was not the overwhelming concentration of German or Austrian strength that broke the Isonzo front. It was the disaffection of a portion of the Italian troops themselves. Germany employed the same tactics in Italy as in Russia. While she attacked her from without by force, she was attacking her within by treachery and sedition. Whole detachments, affected by these poisonous means, abandoned their posts and the Huns poured through. The whole of the Italian gains were lost and the Germans swept down into the Venetian plain.

Disaster was averted by the despatch of British and French troops to Italy. They came pouring over the Alps by every road and railway and were greeted by the Italians with the wildest enthusiasm. The arrival of the British and the French on the scene just in time to save their country must have shamed the poor credulous dupes of the Germans who, deceived by leaflets dropped by German aeroplanes, foolishly believed that the British were standing aside and calling other folk to fight their battles.

Turkey Enters the War.—At the end of October, 1914, Turkey came in on the side of Germany. This altered the whole phase of the war. Her great value to Germany as an ally was that her entry into the war obliged England and Russia to send out new military expeditions. Thus British forces were engaged in Egypt, Mesopotamia, Gallipoli, Palestine, and Russian forces on the Caucasian front, which, if concentrated on the Germans, might have ended the war.

Turkey's Aims.—Turkey's alliance with her hereditary foes of Austria-Hungary was an unnatural one, but her politicians were the dupes of the Germans. For nearly twenty years the Kaiser had pretended to be her friend, though the selfishness of his aims should not have deceived any wise statesman. The whole history of the connection between Germany and Turkey has been one of profit to Germany and

loss to the Ottoman Empire, and faithlessness and deceit upon the part of the Hun. Germany did not help Turkey in her war with Italy in Tripoli nor in the first and second Balkan Wars. The only support that Turkey received from her was the moral support that the Kaiser gave the Sultan Abdul when the more civilized countries of Europe, horrified at the Armenian atrocities, threatened to intervene. What the Kaiser really wanted was an open road by the Baghdad railway to the East ; and this would have meant the gradual absorption of Turkey by Germany and the ultimate loss of her independence. No doubt the majority of educated Turks realized this ; but Turkey is ruled by her politicians and the people have very little voice. Her policy at the moment was one of adventure, and passion was her guide. Not passion against England and France, her old allies, with whom, in spite of temporary estrangement, she has always remained friends, but passion against Greece. She was embittered by the loss of Salonica, and she saw an opportunity, now that the Great Powers were ranged against one another, of winning it back. Germany, however, directed her efforts to another sphere.

Turkey was bought by German bribes, but it was chance more than anything else that drove her into war. The two great battleships which she had commissioned from England and by which she hoped to dominate Greece were ready when war broke out. England, according to the custom of countries in a state of war, withheld them for her own use. It was her right, and Turkey admitted it was her right. Nevertheless the disappointment rankled. Then, at the moment when she was most sore and irritated by the loss, the Goeben and Breslau, two of Germany's most powerful warships, took refuge in Constantinople fleeing from the British fleet. Germany offered the battleships to Turkey. The temptation was too great to resist ; her politicians greedily swallowed

the bait. Turkey's first act of war was the bombardment of the Russian coast by the German battleships (Oct., 1914).

Three years have passed since Turkey made her choice. During this period she has lost Baghdad and nearly the whole of Mesopotamia, Jerusalem and a large slice of Palestine, part of Armenia and the Hedjaz, where the Arab tribes led by the Sherif of Mecca declared their independence and defeated the Turkish army of occupation. We accepted Turkey's challenge reluctantly, as we had no quarrel with her. We admire the Ottoman troops and their splendid fighting qualities. We only regret that Turkey's hasty and unprovoked entry into the war has prolonged the struggle and brought untold suffering upon her own and the allied armies in the inhospitable wastes where the decision is being fought.

The Attempt on Egypt.—Before we return to the Western Front we must sketch briefly the progress of the struggle in the East. The Turk is famous for his stubborn endurance in defence and he had some notable successes in the beginning, but not the successes he had hoped for. Nowhere did he gain any territory. He was only successful in barring our way to Constantinople and in temporarily checking our advance on Baghdad.

His attempt to invade Egypt was a pitiful failure. It was a bold but hopeless adventure. The difficulties of the approach to the Suez Canal over the desert for an army supplied by camel convoys and with no railway behind it might have deterred any sane commander. But the Turks were foolishly counting on a rebellion in Egypt.

They attacked the Canal at three points and tried to cross in pontoons and rafts. They were driven back everywhere with great loss and only two or three men reached the western bank to die or surrender. It was a great day for the Indians, who with the Egyptians and a small number of Australasians were defending the Canal. Nine hundred

Turkish dead were counted; 650 prisoners were taken. Djemal Pasha's defeated and disappointed army melted away into the desert and the attack was not renewed.

The Mesopotamian Campaigns.—But the earliest fighting with the Turks was in Mesopotamia. We could not afford to leave Germany, or her ally, undisturbed in Busra. The port would have been used as a submarine base from which she would have attacked our transports and merchant shipping in the Indian ocean. It was through Mesopotamia that Germany wished to advance and pursue her dream of conquest in the East. And there was another reason which made it necessary for us to control Lower Mesopotamia. The British Government had lately acquired shares in the Anglo-Persian oil fields near Ahwaz on the Karun River. These had to be protected in order to insure the supply of oil for our navy. The moment Turkey began hostilities in Europe our transports were steaming up the Persian Gulf. We lost no time. After a little sharp fighting we occupied Busra on November 21, 1914. On the morning of December 9, we took Qurnah, where the Tigris and the old channel of the Euphrates meet. But the Turk was not yet beaten, and in April, 1915, a large enemy force had concentrated on the Euphrates and was preparing a determined thrust by which he hoped to retake Busra. We met and defeated the Turks at Shaiba. This action was the decisive battle in the earlier phase of the campaign. In it we overcame great odds, and the Indians, especially the Marathas, covered themselves with glory. The victory left our troops with a sense that they were irresistible; and, what is more important, the Turks and Arabs began to think so too. For the next seven months we fought action after action and did not fail to take a single position which we attacked.

When we had cleared the Turk's left and right wing we attacked his centre on the Tigris. The Turks were holding

islands on the flooded banks of the Tigris, and our infantry attacked them in small native boats with armoured shields, poling through the reeds. They rushed the Turkish trenches at the point of the bayonet, wading through the water waist-deep. The Turks were seen scrambling into their boats and paddling and poling for dear life. They fled in such disorder that two days afterwards the town of Amara, with its Turkish garrison, twenty miles upstream, surrendered to a small gunboat with only twenty-two fighting men on board.

At Amara we were well on the road to Baghdad, though it is doubtful if we had then any intention of advancing on the city. However, in the next engagement at Kut-el-Amara, Townshend and his gallant 6th Division inflicted such a crushing defeat on the Turks that the road seemed open to us and it was decided after some discussion to go on.

Kut-el-Amara will be remembered as one of the most brilliant actions fought by the Indian army. Townshend's name was a talisman with the Arabs all over Mesopotamia; even the Turks began to think him invincible and the confidence he inspired in his own men knew no measure.

We were barely eighteen miles from Baghdad when we attacked the Turk in his next entrenched position at Ctesiphon. A severe fight lasted through the day. We captured the enemy's forward trenches and some 1,300 prisoners, then fell upon his second line, captured eight guns and occupied the position. The troops we fought were beaten; the Turkish 45th Division was practically annihilated; but we had no reinforcements to oppose the fresh troops that were coming up. The captured trenches changed hands several times and in the end our line was too thin to hold the extended position we had won. On November 23, we were unable to renew the offensive.

During the afternoon of the 25th, large Turkish columns were seen advancing down the left bank and also inland, as

if to turn our left flank, while hostile cavalry threatened our rear. There was no alternative but retirement, and the force fell back on Kut-el-Amara. This was the scene of the historic siege. Dark days were ahead; all the more dark as they succeeded such a brilliant page of history.

Fall of Kut.—The garrison of Kut fell after a heroic defence of nearly five months. In the end Townshend and his men were starved out and only surrendered to *hunger*. The relieving force failed to break through the Turkish defence in time to save them. The courage and endurance they showed in that losing fight was even more memorable than the victories that preceded it, for it is in reverse even more than in victory that the soul of an army declares itself.

But the period of gloom was only an interval. The disaster was retrieved, as we shall see. Not only was Kut to fall to us again, but also Baghdad, and the whole Turkish army in Mesopotamia was to be broken and routed.

Gallipoli.—The scene in Gallipoli was even more dramatic than in Mesopotamia; and in a sense it was more vital, for we were striking at the heart instead of the extremities of the Turkish Empire. A successful conclusion to the campaign would have meant that the days of the Turks in Europe were ended. Gallipoli was the gateway to the Dardanelles. The hardest part of the undertaking was to get our fleet through the Narrows. This once accomplished, Constantinople, it was believed, would be at our mercy. Our great mistake was the attempt to force the Dardanelles *by the fleet alone*, unsupported by an attack at the same time by the army on land. The error cost us dear. The attempt of the navy on March 10, 1915, failed. Mines, land batteries and torpedoes rendered it impossible. And by trying to force the passage before the army was ready to help us we advertised our intention, so that when the combined operations

by land and sea were made six weeks later the Turks had prepared themselves and surprise was impossible.

The difficulties at Gallipoli were underestimated from the start. We undertook a task that was beyond human powers; but for gallantry the attempt will be remembered as one of the most glorious exploits in our military history. The Hun boasted that no troops in the world could land on the Peninsula and establish themselves there in the face of the deadly hail of bullets that swept the beach. And it was not altogether an unreasonable boast. It is true the thing was done. And in doing it the achievements of our men, soldiers, and sailors alike, were heroic.

The landing was effected by the British on the south of the Peninsula and by the Anzacs* a few miles further north on the west coast. They landed in the grey light before dawn. Springing out of their boats and wading through the sea they rushed straight on the flash of the enemy's rifles. There were many separate landings. I should like to describe them all. Students would read the tale with breathless interest; but in a bare outline of the war I can do no more than suggest the picture. At one spot a liner was run ashore, and the men poured out of the bowels of the ship. Near by the Munsters attacked in boats. Most of the regiment were killed before they reached the shore. Those who jumped out into the sea found themselves entangled in barbed wire stretched under the water. "As they emerged they were shot down until the beach was strewn with dead and dying." Nearly all the blue-jackets shared the fate of the Munsters and were destroyed where they stood. Not a boat ever got back, Further west the Lancashire Fusiliers faced odds almost as terrific. The first line of men who threw themselves on the wire entanglements were swept away. Others who came on behind

*The word Anzac is derived from the initial letters of the force, the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps.

hacked their way through, leaving masses of dead. General Ian Hamilton wrote in his dispatch that no finer feat of arms had ever been achieved by the British soldiers—or any other soldiers—than the storming of these trenches from open boats on the morning of April 25. Every man of the Lancashire Fusiliers had deserved a Victoria Cross, and the officers, non-commissioned officers and men were each authorized to elect one of their number for the decoration. The Anzacs, the British and the small body of French under General D'Amade earned an imperishable name.

After an almost superhuman struggle the landing was effected, the Turks were driven from the trenches on the beach and the cliffs, and we were holding a thin strip of land to the south of the Peninsula. The Turks fought desperately to win it back, driving in counter-attack after counter-attack. Their very existence was at stake. The orders of their German General, Firnan von Sanders, were to drive the British into the sea at the point of the bayonet. The Turks lost many thousands in their counter-attacks but they could not dislodge us. On the other hand, our progress was slow owing to the terrible wastage of men entailed in every new attack. For, once ashore and astride the Peninsula, we found ourselves faced by the same difficulties as on the Western Front. It was trench warfare again. The Turks had to be forced back yard by yard out of successive positions before we could hope to gain the bit of shore that dominated the Narrows, and to hold which was essential if our ships were to pass through. The Turks were in greatly superior numbers and the whole thing became a question of how many men we could sacrifice. A much larger force is needed for the attack of a position than for the holding of it; and it was reckoned that the Turks had 250,000 to draw upon for the defence. At one time in August after the landing at Suvla Bay it looked as if victory was within

our grasp, but the Turks rallied in overwhelming numbers and even the magnificent heroism of our troops failed to carry us nearer our goal. We lost *at least* 100,000 men in Gallipoli, killed and wounded, and a greater number of sick owing to the rigours of the climate. In the end when winter came on there was no alternative but to withdraw. The evacuation was completed with trifling loss though at one time it looked as if the withdrawal of troops in the face of the enemy must be almost as costly as the landing.

Before leaving Gallipoli we must tell the tale of the heroism of the 14th Sikhs on June 4, a tale which will never be forgotten east or west. They had opposed to them powerful Turkish trenches on the further side of a ravine known as Saghir Dere. These they were ordered to take, and to advance in two lines. The front line was to advance along the sides of the ravine, while the second line had orders to advance along the ravine itself to attack the enemy's second line of trenches. It was indeed an inspiring sight to see the Sikhs move forward as one man, and almost to a man they fell dead and wounded as the day and night wore on. Two companies reached the Turkish trenches and held on to them manfully for many terrible hours. When at last they were relieved only sixteen men remained alive. In the ravine four officers and a quarter of the men were killed and wounded but a few groups struggled on and reached their objective, where they hurriedly entrenched themselves. Forty-nine of them stayed there all night, the Colonel and the Doctor among them. At dawn the enemy drove them back with bombs, which the Sikhs lacked. Before the action, the 14th Sikhs numbered fifteen British Officers and 574 men: when the roll call was taken after the fight only three British Officers and 134 men remained to answer to their names. The names of the fallen live in the Roll of Honour. It was thus that the old regiments served their King.

Gallipoli was a failure. But the sacrifice was not altogether without fruit. The offensive against the Turks was originally undertaken at the request of Russia in order to draw off Turkish forces which would otherwise be throwing in their pressure against her in the Caucasus. The Russian Caucasian campaign was a complete success. Gallipoli, therefore, was not entirely in vain.

The British Capture Baghdad and Jerusalem.—We have seen how Townshend's men, exhausted by a hard-won victory, were faced by fresh troops in *superior* numbers and had to fall back on Kut-el-Amara. It is not the nature of the British to sit down patiently under a reverse. When Kut fell we prepared for another thrust, and before the year 1916 was out General Maude's army had begun the advance which was to result in the capture of Baghdad.

The Turks were holding a series of strong trench works on both banks of the Tigris; the key to their position was at Sannaiyat on the east bank, where they held a narrow front between the marsh and the river. There was no getting round this position. It had to be attacked in front. The Kut Relieving Force had made three assaults on it, but failed to force it. No doubt, General Maude, with his reinforced infantry and superiority of guns, might have captured Sannaiyat; but the loss of life in an assault of this kind unsupported by an attack on the flank or the rear would have been too heavy. So he decided to drive the Turks out of their trenches on the south bank, cross the river and threaten the Turks in the rear. This was accomplished after two months' hard fighting. The Turk's defence was stubborn to a degree, but he was gradually forced back from trench to trench with such heavy loss that his resistance was broken. Then General Maude made a surprise crossing of the Tigris just before dawn and the Turks at Sannaiyat, with the enemy pressing them hard on the front and threatening to close in

on them from behind, had to go. It was a very rapid retreat, and on March 11 (1917) General Maude occupied Baghdad.

If it had not been for the revolution in Russia the Turks must have been driven out of Asia. But Russia was no longer able to strike, and the whole brunt of the fighting fell on the British alone. Nevertheless we continued to hammer the Turks until there was not an enemy force of any size left within a hundred miles of Baghdad. And while we were delivering blow after blow in Mesopotamia, General Allenby's force was pressing on in Palestine and in December, 1917, captured Jerusalem—a reverse almost as disastrous to the Osmanli as the fall of Baghdad.

The Struggle in France.—We left the French front after the first battle of Ypres and our rapid summary of events on other fronts has carried us to our capture of Baghdad and Jerusalem, the overrunning of Serbia and Roumania by the Hun, and the great German invasion of Italy. More than three years have passed since the first battle of Ypres was fought in October and November, 1914; and all the while a bloody struggle has raged on the Western Front, an incessant artillery duel, constant trench-fighting, attacks and counter-attacks, almost daily raids, and great combined offensives lasting for weeks and months at a time, in which millions of men have been engaged and hundreds of thousands have fallen. In some parts of the line our armies are fighting on the very ground they held in October, 1914.

At first the tide of battle ebbed and flowed while our great new army was in the making. Gradually our deficiency in men and arms was made good. The time came when we were able to put in as many men and guns on the Western Front as the Germans after their forty years of preparation. The superiority of the French and British has been manifest in every action. It has become a question of the gradual wearing down of one side by the other.

It would need a volume a hundred times the size of this work to give the details of the fighting. The struggle has been so continuous and spread over so wide a front that actions which would have been memorable in earlier campaigns have passed unnoticed. In the old days a nation went about its business and left its fighting to the army. In modern times *the nation is the army.* There is hardly a male who is not employed in destroying, or aiding in destruction, or in mending what others have destroyed. Such is the outcome of German ambitions.

The Second Battle of Ypres.—An idea of the extent of the fighting on the whole allied front may be gathered from the nature of the struggle at one vital point. There were three battles of Ypres. The first one, which we have described, lasted from October 20 to November 17, 1914. The second great German thrust came to a point on April 22, 1915, and the offensive was not broken up until May 17. At one moment the position was as critical as in the darkest days of 1914. The Huns were able to gain ground ; Ypres seemed to be within their grasp, and they advanced to within two miles of the city. The third long-drawn struggle began on February 8, 1916, and continued until the last days of April. It was not so much a battle as a series of actions to gain certain valuable points. In places the artillery fire was so intense that whole trench lines were obliterated ; and for cover both sides occupied the deep pits, or craters, left by mines. But the Germans were everywhere driven back ; Ypres remained in our hands ; and they were as far from Calais as ever.

Poisoned Gas.—I have said that in the second battle of Ypres the Allies lost ground. I remember the deep depression that settled over everyone when the news reached England on the morning of April 24, 1915. For a long time every move had been forward. Our line was firm for three hundred miles from Nieuport to the Vosges. The news that it had been



THE WESTERN FRONT

This map shows the main positions in 1914.

(*See* pages 58—64.)

The chief fortresses are shown by the black dots.

penetrated and that we had been driven back introduced for a moment an element of doubt, as if we had been living in false confidence. The confidence in our arms, however, was not misplaced. The men who had given way and left the breach open for the Hun were as brave as the bravest. They had been beaten, not by arms, but by poisoned gas.

The French African troops were the first to suffer. They saw a greenish wall of heavy vapour issue from the German lines and roll slowly up to their trenches. They were bewildered, but quite unsuspicious of the lurking poison. When the fumes reached them they coughed and vomited blood and fell to the ground choking for breath, afflicted with frightful pains in the chest, and slowly suffocating. As they lost consciousness their faces took on an unearthly colour of blue ash. Through this stricken and helpless crowd the German infantry charged with a cheer; they were wearing masks which rendered them immune from the gas. Thus they gained possession of the line and fifty guns.

The gallantry of the Canadian contingent saved Ypres, but only after the most desperate fighting and heavy loss. A fierce struggle continued day and night until reinforcements were brought up and we had to engage in the costly business of the counter-attack. The Canadians too were gassed. For with the Hun, gas had become the substitute for strength and valour. A few days afterwards the Indians were to suffer. A gallant charge of the 57th Wilde's Rifles was held up by the poisonous wall of fumes. Of the Indian officers only three survived, all wounded or gassed. I saw some of the men a few days later and they said that it had become a Satanic war. They were filled with an indignant fury against the Hun, and their disgust was shared by the whole civilized world. The moral loss to Germany was immense.

Until we found a protection from the gas in the shape of respirators the sufferings of our men were pitiable. In the

end we were obliged to meet the Hun with his own weapons. But only against such barbarians; and in self-defence, would we employ barbarous means.

The Huns had not yet reached their lowest level of iniquity. On July 30, the Germans used liquid flame in their attack on Hooge. We had been expecting some devilry of the kind; for, ten months before, an enemy army order had been found regulating the use of fire-squirts for ejecting inflammable fluid. The Germans explained that the instrument could squirt a flame which would cause mortal injury.

Verdun.—Foiled in her thrust on the West of the Allied line Germany next attempted to break through in the East. Her object this time was France's strongest fortress, Verdun. Her first aim was by capturing the city to break the spirit of the French nation, and then to pour her legions through to the walls of Paris. By the capture of Verdun Germany believed that France would be crushed. We have already spoken of the imperishable glory that France won on this field. For sheer bulk and carnage the first battle of Verdun was the greatest shock of arms that the world had ever seen. It was a repetition of Ypres on the Eastern flank of the Allied line, only the conflict was on a larger scale and more sustained. Germany mustered her best troops and artillery for the assault and hammered in stroke after stroke, convinced that she must prove irresistible. For more than eight weeks she threw in massed attacks regardless of the cost, and lost incredibly. Verdun proved an open drain into which she poured her best blood. Nothing came of it. If she had won the fortress and ten others of equal strength, it would not have been worth the price she paid in blood *unless* she had pierced the French line. In every attack she threw in, she lost two or three times as heavily as the French, and it paid our Allies to let her advance slowly at this cost. Every small

loss of ground was a gain if the Hun persisted long enough. And Verdun was never taken.

After a lull of a few weeks the Germans launched another determined offensive. In the second battle of Verdun, which lasted from May 3 to well into August, they penetrated to within four miles of the walls of the city. The same torrent of death was repeated, but the French maintained their dauntless resolution in defence. Germany was fighting to save her face. For to fail to take Verdun after this supreme effort would be to admit to her people, what she had so long concealed, that the superiority of arms now lay with the Allies. Also she hoped to forestall the combined attack of the French and British in the west which she knew was daily more imminent. The Allies' hour of victory came a few weeks after on the Somme, and while Germany was withdrawing troops to resist our advance, France fought a third battle of Verdun and recovered all the ground she had lost.

While France was concentrating all her energies at Verdun the British armies took over the whole front from Ypres to the Somme, releasing one more French army for the defence of the fortress. The British fought no great battles in the early summer of 1916 but they were perfecting their fighting machine and preparing for the great offensive in the autumn. So great had been the rush to arms that already the British Army at home and on all fronts had grown from its small beginnings to a force to be counted in millions, and on the Western Front we outnumbered the Germans.

The First Battle of the Somme.—The first Battle of the Somme began on July 1, 1916. It was the greatest offensive we had undertaken. Men from every part of the Empire were engaged in it. Mountains of shells had been collected behind our lines and these were poured into the German trenches as we attacked. There had never been such an artillery bombardment, and our men advanced obscured from the enemy's fire

by a cloud of smoke. Much ground was gained the first day, but the struggle was fierce and long. After five months' desperate fighting and the capture of several villages and hills Beaumont Hamel fell to us on November 14. The operations cost the Germans, French and ourselves over a million and a half of casualties; 38,000 German officers and men were captured, and positions, which they had fortified for twenty months, and believed to be impregnable, fell into our hands.

The Second Battle of the Somme.—Winter put a stop to the advance for a time, but this first success was only the prelude to a greater one. In the first four months of 1917 the offensive was resumed and the British and French drove the Germans back step by step on a front of seventy miles. The high ground we gained in the first battle of the Somme put us in so strong a position that the enemy were compelled to retire to another line of defence farther east, resting on St. Quentin and Cambrai. And so more villages and towns and another large slice of France were delivered from the defiling hand of the Hun. By this time the British army, still further reinforced, were holding 120 miles of the French front. The offensive now lay with the Allies. None of the ground we had taken was wrested from us. Slowly and surely the tide of battle ebbed east and north and we forced our way forward. In April, 1917, another Battle of Arras gave us Vimy Ridge. In June we captured the Messines Ridge. July saw the beginning of a series of actions which may be regarded as the fourth battle of Ypres, for the struggle was for high ground in the neighbourhood of the city. The Germans were everywhere driven back. Passchendaele Ridge fell to us on October 27, and Poelcapelle on November 6, after nine assaults delivered in seven weeks.

The Ravage of War.—And here, as far as this abstract is a chronicle of events, we must conclude our story. To students, reading the mere names of battles will convey

little of the reality of war, and what it means, the horror, futility and wastage of it. Take the battlefield of the Somme. Everywhere villages have crumbled out of sight. The whole landscape has been altered by our guns. The earth is churned up by mines and shell craters, and one cannot walk ten yards without coming on a pit. The country is deserted. Not a house, nor a barn is left standing. The Germans, as they retired, took away all the inhabitants who could work, all the young men and young women, only leaving a few half-starved old people to welcome their deliverers. They destroyed everything, farms, trees, orchards, roads, churches, cemeteries. Even the tombs of the dead were not respected. Here is a picture of the devastation by an eye-witness, Mr. Beach Thomas, who passed over the Somme field a day or two after we had taken it :—

"Just to test the ruin, I walked one day in a straight line for four long miles across country once rich in crops and villages. At no spot anywhere could I detect the remnant of any crop. I passed through one large and one small village, and could find no single house or out-house with any remnant of a roof or presentable wall................ Two little woods that I passed possessed no single tree of a natural form. A number were up by the roots, and the ground was strewn with the offal of shells and weapons and bits of trees; and in the midst of each was a single field-gun knocked out of all shape and half smothered with the twisted steel girders and broken concrete blocks that had defended it."

Then picture the human wreckage, men drowned in mud, lying out in the frost to die, suffocated by poisonous gas, burned by liquid flame, buried alive in the craters of shells and mines, or surviving to end their days, maimed, blind, or insane. Picture the homelessness, bereavement, separation, the mothers who have lost their sons one after another buried in some nameless grave in distant lands, the wives and

children who have become widows and orphans at home. In France the struggle has raged incessantly for nearly four years on a front of three hundred miles. In Russia two huge armies on the German and Austrian borders have been continually fighting. In Italy and the Balkans the carnage has been as terrible. In magnitude each battle is a campaign in itself, judged by the old standards. Small nations like Belgium, Poland, Serbia, Montenegro have been swallowed up, and it is not merely their independence, but their very existence that is at stake. Half the population of Armenia, male and female, has been massacred by the Turks. The deserts, swamps, and jungles of Africa and Asia are cemeteries of our dead. Wild tribes have been drawn into the conflict, little understanding for what they fight. The floor of the sea is strewn with wreckage of ships and men. And even where the struggle is not actually raging, rich lands have been denuded and the people brought to the verge of starvation that the armies at the front may be fed. The war has cut a clean line between the past and the present, and the world can never be the same again.

America Joins the Allies.—Had Russia remained sound within and preserved a strong arm and a united front, as England and France have done, the war might long ago have come to an end. But no nation, however great at heart, can seek her internal salvation by revolution and at the same time keep the enemy from the gate. So now America has to fill the breach that Russia has left in the Allied ranks. The decision of the United States, when on April 12, 1917, they drew the sword against Germany was the greatest event in the war since the Battle of the Marne and the first battle of Ypres. It was a signal to the world that the Hun had revolted the moral sense of all nations, and it ensured the ultimate victory of the Allied cause and the future of civilization. America is organizing her inexhaustible resources to be

thrown in on the side of humanity and law. Her aim in entering the war is far removed from selfishness. She has come in for an ideal. The liberation of Belgium, Serbia, and all the countries under the Prussian heel is only part of it. Her real aim is to crush Kaiserism for ever ; not only must the small nations of the earth be free of the yoke ; the German people themselves must be liberated from the system which has introduced hell into the world and killed happiness. We are fighting to end war, and in no other way can we ensure a lasting peace.

What We are Fighting For.—" It must be the end of conflicts of this kind. That is why it is essential for the future well-being of the human race that the decision should be reached now in this struggle—that brute force shall be dethroned for ever, so that our children may not be condemned to the horrors and terrors which even the most vivid imagination dare not portray." *

Three continents and seven seas are strewn with our dead, and it is a sacred pledge with us that the ideal for which they fought should be attained, that they should not have died in vain. To cease from the struggle now, when the Enemy of peace, honour, freedom, is still strong, would be to betray not only our sons and our sons' sons, but our brave dead.

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* Mr. Lloyd George, in his speech at the Albert Hall, October 22, 1917.

III

THE ADVENTURES OF THE BRITISH NAVY IN THE GREAT WAR

WHY THE EMPIRE NEEDS A FIGHTING FLEET

Among the war vessels of the British Navy to-day is a great ship called the *King Alfred*. She is named after a famous warrior King of England, who reigned a thousand years ago. But Alfred the Great, as he was justly styled, knew no more of India's existence than those who ruled in India at that time knew of the little island wrapped in the mists of the northern seas ; and neither dreamt of the mighty empire of the future, which was to link continent and island under the same golden crown, and the foundations of which were to be begun six hundred years after the great King and the Indian princes had been laid in their widely sundered graves.

When King Alfred came to the throne, England was continually being invaded by a fierce nation called the Danes. After many reverses, he organized an army which eventually drove the invaders out of the kingdom. But, the kingdom being an island, Alfred quickly realized that it would always be liable to attack by sea, and that, in dealing with future invasions, prevention would be wiser than cure. In other words, he saw that, while it would be impossible to foretell the point of attack, it was equally impossible for an army alone to defend the entire coast line. He wisely decided to build a navy, which could cruise towards the enemy's country and catch him at sea. "He was the first ruler of England," says the historian, "who understood that if an *island* is to be defended it must be defended on the sea, and he may, therefore, be justly regarded as the founder of

the British Navy." The English were then becoming a united nation for the first time. England, therefore, has never existed, and, as we shall presently see, never can exist, without a fighting fleet.

It is true that King Alfred's navy was composed entirely of open boats, each propelled by a single sail when there was any wind, and by a few long oars when it was calm. These early ships of the English navy carried no more than a score or so of men apiece, and their armaments consisted of cross-bows and bolts, long-bows and arrows, swords, axes and spears. But after a time the King caused to be built on the hinder part of each open boat a platform or deck, from which archers could shoot more freely, and which afforded protection to those beneath from the arrows of the enemy and from the sea. This after-deck invented by King Alfred was a long upward step in the building of ships ; for, under the name of the "poop," it exists in ships of the present day, and was the forerunner of the massive gun-platforms which support the giant ordnance of the modern super-Dreadnoughts.

The little island has grown into an empire that covers nearly one-fourth of the surface of the globe, the wooden galleys, with their oars and sails, their spears and bows and arrows, have become steel giants which can deal death at a distance of twenty miles. Yet the King-Emperor's need of a Navy to-day springs from precisely the same causes that brought King Alfred's puny fleet into existence ten centuries ago. India and the several Dominions and Crown Colonies of the British Empire are linked with each other by the sea, not the land: and, for the sure safeguard and free existence of all, an invincible Navy is our first and last necessity.

GROWTH OF THE BRITISH NAVY

Unfortunately, the English, after the death of Alfred, made a foolish mistake—a mistake they have repeated many

times since in the course of their history. The kings who followed him do not seem to have understood the importance of sea-power as he did, and the strength of the fleet in consequence was not maintained. Its weakness at last tempted the Normans, a virile race who lived just across the Channel, to invade England, an enterprise in which they were successful. But the result would doubtless have been different had the English fleet been able to meet the Norman ships in battle as they were crossing from the French coast.

The Norman Kings of England, however, wiser than their predecessors, devoted much attention to developing and strengthening their Navy. In place of the open boats of Alfred's time, the fleet now consisted of 20-ton ships, and to the poop of each was added a small castle for carrying still more fighting men. Although the castle itself has long since vanished, its trace still lingers in the word "forecastle," which designates the forward part of every ship that sails the sea to-day.

As in the course of time the two races—Normans and English—intermarried and became one vigorous nation, so their fighting ships grew in numbers, size and strength. Dynasty succeeded dynasty, and, with the invention of ordnance, decks were built to carry it and the hulls of the vessels pierced with ports through which the guns could fire from cover. To the single mast and sail of the Norman ship others were gradually added, till the great squares of canvas towered a hundred feet above the decks. The design of the ship herself grew increasingly seaworthy, while, instead of the score of men who sailed and fought one of King Alfred's galleys, a man-of-war of Nelson's time carried a thousand. And so, as the centuries rolled by, there came into being the famous "wooden walls of England," which not only prevented any other serious invasion of our own shores, but carried the flag of freedom and justice all over

the world to a hundred races plunged in barbarism or suffering from tyranny and oppression.

Before I tell the battle story of the modern Navy of steel-clad giants, which has succeeded the old "wooden walls," let us glance backwards for a moment at the race of English seamen which, step by step, century by century, has developed along with the ships, the guns and the nation itself. For, if the gun is relatively of more importance than the ship built to carry it, *the man behind the gun is the most important of all.*

At the time when Babar, the future founder of the Moghul Dynasty in India, was a boy, the throne of England was occupied by King Henry the Seventh, the first of the powerful Tudors. With the exception of one or two others, no king since Alfred's death 500 years before did so much to strengthen and improve the Navy. He built some four-masted ships of a larger size than had ever been seen and it is recorded of him that he loved a seaman, and knew one when he saw him. He gathered round him a little group of daring sea adventurers, and joined with them in many trading ventures to distant parts of the world. The impetus he gave to ship-building and his encouragement of sea enterprise laid the foundations of that race of British seamen who have made England mighty, and who have practically driven the German ships off the seven seas of the globe to-day. His son, Henry VIII, happily continued his sea policy. In addition to increasing the number of ships and seamen, he founded the three great maritime establishments, Portsmouth Dockyard, Deptford Victualling Yard, and Trinity House—all of which are in active existence to-day. So that, when his daughter, the great Queen Elizabeth, came to the throne, she had a plentiful supply of ships, and especially of bold and experienced sailors, with which to carry out her daring schemes, and with whose fame the whole world was presently to ring.

Most ships bear the names of women and a British sailor invariably speaks of his vessel in the feminine gender. We may notice also that the English have never been so great in the arts of peace and war alike as when they were under the rule of their three great Queens—Elizabeth, Anne, and Victoria. This was notably the case with Elizabeth. The Virgin Queen (for she never married) inspired her seamen especially with a devotion to herself and to their country which produced many of the finest achievements in our history. For the first time the names of her great sailors became (and have remained) household words with the nation ; and the most splendid name of all was Drake.

Francis Drake was the first Englishman to sail round the world, and he did it, remember, in a ship no larger than a fishing trawler of to-day. He added many possessions to the English crown, and his life was one long catalogue of triumphant fights at sea. At that period Spain, the most powerful nation in Europe, claimed the sovereignty of the seas : and Drake was the chief obstacle to the success of the Spaniards' arrogant claim. When at last their king sent a mighty Armada to invade England itself, it was mainly the genius and valour of Drake which frustrated the attempt and saved his country. "The defeat of the Spanish Armada," says one historian, "directly led to the creation of the British Empire as we know it to-day. When the fight was over, England had sprung at one bound into a great sea-power."

But she was not long permitted to enjoy in peace the proud position she had won. In the next century it was the Dutch who took up the challenge. Yet after a long and fierce campaign, in which another great English Admiral, Blake, was the central figure, our Island kingdom again emerged victorious. Her next antagonist was France. But although the latter, like Holland in the previous century, possessed fine ships and splendid sailors, they were no match

for the seamen of England. In this last great contest the British champion was the immortal Nelson, who fell in the hour of triumph. "The Battle of Trafalgar ended a long period of warfare, and for over a hundred years, until challenged by Germany, England remained absolute mistress of the seas."

THE GREAT AWAKENING

And so we have learnt, from the experience of a thousand stormy years, that a supreme armed strength upon the seas is absolutely essential to the peaceful existence of the British Empire. Each time that we have foolishly allowed our sea-power to weaken, that existence has been imperilled. For years before the outbreak of the present tremendous war the world was full of idle talk of an approaching millenium of peace! Men, many of them quite honestly, believed that civilization and education had reached a point at which a great war had become unthinkable. Although a few, led by our greatest soldier, Lord Roberts of Kandahar, warned the nation unceasingly that this war was inevitable, the English people would not listen. They preferred the smoother words of politicians, who told them that India's great soldier was a scaremonger, that the Germans were our good friends and that English folk, as the phrase went, might "sleep comfortably in their beds."

The British Government itself has publicly stated that, up to the actual outbreak, not one of its members thought war was possible. Nor would it have been possible had we not given Germany reasonable grounds for believing that we had grown weak, especially at sea. She worships strength and despises weakness: for she thinks that, as long as human nature endures, it is not the talker but the "strong man armed" who alone can keep the peace among the nations. The virile and vigilant Britain had been lulled to sleep and, ere she was fully awake, the enemy was hammering at her gates.

Yet it must be admitted that when she did awake she bestirred herself to some purpose. Never before in the whole course of its history had the world seen such an awakening. It quickly became evident that the British lion had lost little of his old strength during his long repose—though, had the latter lasted but a few weeks longer, it is certain that his teeth would have been drawn and his claws cut, and that, no longer able to protect them, he would have seen his cubs fall one by one into the hands of the hunter. But, after three years of war, Britain and her daughter States are still fighting in the assurance of a triumphant issue. One thing had saved them at the outset. Though the Motherland had slumbered, the Navy had been as vigilant and alert as ever.

Consider what that instant readiness for war of the grim, silent ships meant to us in our sudden hour of deadly peril. Never forget that not a single transport could have reached its destination, not one soldier could have landed in France, had it not been for the unceasing watchfulness of the Navy, which drove the German raiders from the sea and kept at bay the lurking submarine. Without the British Fleet the British Empire would have ceased to exist within the first week of the war.

THE BRITISH NAVY ON THE OUTBREAK OF WAR

For nearly half a century after the Battle of Trafalgar (1805), we still continued to build our fighting ships of wood, the material that had been used ever since ships were invented. It is true that, in spite of the strong opposition of old sailors, who in all ages have disliked change, steam was gradually added to the sail power of the early Victorian fleet. But it was not until the year 1860 that a step in shipbuilding was made, which was completely to change the character of the Navy. For the first time, and amid the headshakings of old-fashioned sea captains, who predicted sure disaster, a ship entirely constructed of iron was launched. She was

called the *Warrior*, and though her career was uneventful, she will always be remembered as one of the notable ships of history. She was the forerunner of our modern Navy.

The Navy to-day consists only of four main classes—capital ships, scout cruisers, torpedo-boat-destroyers, and submarines. Since the outbreak of war many vessels of all types have been armed and added to the Royal Navy from the mercantile marine. They are employed on subsidiary, though very important and perilous duties, and I shall refer to them later. But, before I tell of the Great Adventure in which the British Navy has been engaged for the past three years, it is necessary that you should know something of the four types of warships I have mentioned, of their several functions in battle, of the great guns they carry, and, above all, of the officers and crews who man them.

Capital Ships are those which fight in the line of battle, and they are divided into two classes—Battleships and Battle Cruisers. The former have more guns and heavier armour and their speed is between twenty-one and twenty-two miles an hour. The Battle Cruisers have fewer guns and lighter armour, but they can steam at an hourly rate of thirty miles, or knots, as they are called at sea. Both types of ship are very big, and carry the heaviest guns in the Fleet.

The earliest of this modern type of warship was called the *Dreadnought*, and the two classes I have just described are known respectively as the slower and the swifter Dreadnoughts. To these monsters has quite lately been added an improved type of Capital Ship, which combines the chief advantages of the Battleship and the Battle Cruiser. The first of them was named the *Queen Elizabeth*.

After the Capital Ships come the *Scout Cruisers*, or *Light Cruisers*, as they are sometimes termed. They are very much smaller than their once famous predecessors, the *Powerful* and the *Terrible*, which were built at the end of

the last century; but they are strongly armoured and gunned, and they are as swift as the great *Queen Elizabeth*. Besides fighting they act as intelligence vessels, and may well be described as "the eyes and ears of the Fleet."

The third class of ships in the Navy consists of *Destroyers*. They are the greyhounds of the Fleet, being long, slim vessels, very small, very slight, but exceedingly swift for their size. They weigh between one and two thousand tons, and their speed is over thirty knots. Each carries from four to six light guns and a similar number of tubes, through which the deadly torpedo is launched against an enemy's ship. Instead of coal they burn oil fuel, which can be taken on board much more quickly than the former, fills less space, and gives a higher speed. The *Destroyers* are grouped in flotillas, each of which has a larger boat as "leader."

And, lastly, there are the *Submarines*, of which hitherto in this war we have been able to make comparatively little use, the enemy ships having chosen for the most part to remain safely in harbour. On the other hand, it is in warfare *against* submarines that we are chiefly engaged; for the smaller craft of the Navy and Mercantile Marine are occupied day and night in hunting the German submarines, which are constantly sinking British and neutral shipping and menacing our food supply. The heartless drowning of women and children and the murder of defenceless seamen of all nationalities by the crews of these German "U-Boats," as they are called, will be remembered, to Germany's eternal shame, as one of the greatest crimes in history. For it is not the clean fighting of legitimate war, but ruthless piracy, in which they are employed, and piracy has always been abhorred and drastically punished by civilized nations.

A submarine, which is armed with a number of torpedoes and usually with two small, quick-firing guns, is a boat which can travel and fight either on the surface of the sea or out

of sight beneath it. In the latter case her course is steered by means of an appliance called a periscope, which acts as the eye of the boat, and is only just visible to her victim in daylight and in very smooth water. In rough weather or at night the first indication of a submarine's presence is usually the explosion of one of her torpedoes in the doomed vessel's side. This lurking engine of death beneath the waves is one of the gravest perils of modern sea warfare, and is exceedingly difficult to cope with. The details of our latest submarines may not be published, though we may be sure we have boats at least as good as those of Germany. Many of the latter are 300 feet long, are fitted with wireless telegraphy, and can travel almost to any part of the world. It is reported, and is no doubt true, that the Germans have built a still larger type of submarine, which is, to all intents and purposes, an under-water cruiser.

Before introducing you to the officers and men who are fighting our sea battles to-day, I want very briefly to give you some idea of the mighty guns of the Fleet which it is their business to handle. From the time when cannon were first invented, more than 400 years ago, up to the Crimean War in 1854, round balls were discharged from smooth-bore ordnance, very much as a pea is propelled from a school-boy's pea-shooter. The range was a matter of yards, and at Trafalgar the gun-muzzles of the opposing ships frequently touched each other. But during the last half-century the science of gunnery has progressed at such a rate that, if the whole of the fleets engaged in that historic battle were on the sea to-day, they could easily be destroyed in a few minutes by one of the guns of a *Dreadnought.* You will scarcely be surprised at this when I tell you that a single shot, or projectile, as it is called, weighs nearly a ton; that, on being discharged, it will rise 22,500 feet, and that on descending it will strike an enemy's ship fifteen miles away at a much faster speed

than that of an express train. When fired at a distance of five miles only the shot would take but twelve seconds to reach the target. But when it is remembered that in those few seconds the enemy, steaming at 20 knots, will have moved 120 yards, that the *Dreadnought* herself would probably also be moving, and that, in aiming the gun, allowances must be made for its age, for the strength and direction of the wind, and even for the temperature of the air, you will realize what a very difficult science is naval gunnery. Both ships may also be rolling heavily in a big sea, and the view, as in the Battle of Jutland, when the British battle cruisers opened fire at a range of 10½ miles, may be obscured by mist and twilight.

Apart from more important considerations, our gunners have to be careful not to waste a shot *because of its expense*. Each time a *Dreadnought's* 12-inch gun is fired it costs the country £100, while a *Queen Elizabeth's* 15-inch projectile naturally costs still more. A big gun is designated by the diameter of its bore in inches, so that, when one speaks of the 15-inch guns of the *Queen Elizabeth* and her sisters—the biggest at present in the Navy—one means that the muzzle of the gun measures 15 inches across. Each of the *Queen Elizabeths* carries eight of these giant guns, with which they badly damaged the German ships at Jutland. Yet there seems to be no limit to the growth of big guns, for the newest American battleships will carry 16-inch ordnance. To enable a modern gun to bear the tremendous strain of the explosion, a layer of steel wire is woven round its outer tube under very heavy pressure. For one 12-inch gun about 135 miles of this steel ribbon are used.

In addition to the big guns, intended to hit an enemy at a range of many miles, a man-of-war carries a smaller armament of what are termed quick-firers. These weapons, which are usually 6-inch or 4-inch, and which are meant to repel

destroyers or submarines at close quarters, can be rapidly loaded by one man, owing to the small weight (about 100 lbs.) of the projectile. The war has shown that British guns are as good as, if not better than, those of any other nation, and that, on its outbreak at any rate, they were much more powerful than those possessed by the Germans.

And, last of all, we come to the highly trained, perfectly disciplined, utterly fearless, officers and men of the King's Sea Service, without whose control the great ships and guns would be as worthless as scrap iron. The youngest Midshipman of to-day—a lad in his early teens—knows more science than Nelson ever dreamed of; the last-joined boy is better educated in many ways than Elizabeth's great Admiral Drake. Yet the same spirit of adventure, of patriotism and of devotion to duty burns in the youth of to-day that inspired the famous seamen of the past, and each in his hour has added his share to the glory and greatness of England.

The *personnel* of the Navy is divided into two main classes, known as the Executive or Military Branch, and the Civil Branch. Roughly speaking, the former are concerned with the actual fighting, the navigation and steaming of the ships, the training of the crews, and the maintenance of discipline; while the latter attend to the spiritual welfare, bodily health, clothing, victualling, etc., of all. But though the members of the two Branches are technically spoken of as combatants and non-combatants, it must be remembered that all share alike "the dangers of the sea and the violence of the enemy." Each is essential to the Navy, and the combatants would be heavily handicapped in their work without the aid of their non-combatant shipmates.

The highest rank in the Navy is that of Admiral. The Commander-in-Chief of a great fleet is usually an officer of this status, while under him may be a Vice-Admiral and a Rear-Admiral commanding squadrons. A battleship or battle

cruiser is commanded by a Post-Captain, the other executive officers being the Commander (there may be more than one), Lieutenants, Sub-Lieutenants, Midshipmen and (sometimes) Naval Cadets. The "skipper" of the smaller type of ship may be a Commander, while Destroyers and Submarines are commanded by Lieutenant-Commanders and Lieutenants.

The Engineers, Doctors and Paymasters (or Accountant Officers), who form the bulk of the Civil Branch, rank "with, but after," their Executive brethren of equal length of service. The work of the Engineer Officers is especially responsible and perilous; for, in addition to controlling the great engines, and most of the complex mechanism of a modern warship, they are necessarily imprisoned, whether in tempest or in battle, beneath steel decks many feet below the waterline. It is they and their men who naturally suffer most heavily in the event of the ship being sunk or torpedoed.

The rank and file of the British Navy comprise men of so many trades and crafts that one can only enumerate them in general terms. There are seamen of various grades, many of whom have specialised as gunners, torpedo-men, or signallers. There are also electricians and wireless operators: stokers and artificers: carpenters, painters and blacksmiths: butchers, cooks, hospital orderlies and many others. They are one and all the successors of the heroic, if simple, seamen who won Trafalgar, and from whom they have inherited the dauntless spirit of the British Navy.

Nor must we forget the officers and men of the Navy's famous Regiment, the Royal Marines. This unique force, roughly 20,000 strong, is a portion of the Regular Army trained for sea service, and has been in existence 250 years. Shortly after Shah Jehan in India had completed that beautiful monument to his wife, the Taj Mahal at Agra, King Charles II of England raised a battalion of soldiers for service in his fleet. Those soldiers and their successors have fought in

every sea battle and very many of the land campaigns that have occurred since; and at the present moment they are fighting in various parts of the world on land, at sea, and even in the air. Apart from their infantry work they largely man the guns of the Fleet: and so high an opinion did a famous Admiral (the great St. Vincent) form of them that he declared that, should the hour of real danger ever come to England, the Marines would be the country's sheet anchor. That hour has come, and all that need be said is that the Marines are magnificently justifying the immortal Admiral's confidence in them.

England loves her Navy, its ships and men. What the farmer feels for his fields and the trooper for his horse, that, and more, the sailor feels for the ships of His Majesty; and the landsman, born and bred on an island, regards each mighty vessel of the Fleet with affectionate admiration. The British people are not hasty to bestow titles of honour, but those of the supreme authorities demonstrate Britain's respect for all who guard her on the seas. The King is the Head of the Navy, as he is of the Army; moreover King George is a highly trained Naval Officer, having spent many years of his boyhood and youth in the practice of that noble profession. His Majesty's second son is now a Naval Officer. In the Navy 'the Admiralty' corresponds to the military 'War Office', and the official who represents the affairs of the Navy in Parliament is called the First Lord of the Admiralty. The Naval Officer who, at the Admiralty, possesses the same authority in Naval matters as the military Commander-in-Chief exercises in the Army, is called the First Sea Lord. And in the Articles of War it is laid down that, "It is upon the Navy that, under the good Providence of God, the wealth, prosperity and peace of these islands and of the Empire do mainly depend." When, in July, 1914, the King-Emperor held a review of his Navy in the English Channel two

hundred and sixteen ships passed before him as their supreme Admiral of the Fleet, disciplined, obedient, efficient, magnificently powerful.

THE NAVY IN THE GREAT WAR

When war broke out the British Navy was the strongest in the world, but the German Navy was strong too, and its task was a far less complicated one than that which the British Navy had to perform. German fleets did not have to escort great armies from shore to shore, nor protect an Island Kingdom with scattered colonies and an Indian Empire. Doubtless Germany longed to achieve four great objects with her Navy. First, to transport and land an Army in the United Kingdom to defeat and subdue her; secondly, to reinforce German troops in East Africa and elsewhere; thirdly, to capture British possessions abroad; fourthly, to starve England into submission by sinking all ships bringing food to her ports. Not one of her naval ambitions has been realized, for in order to succeed in any or all of them she had first to defeat the British Navy, and that she has utterly failed to do. On the other hand, Great Britain, during four terrible years of war, has swept German merchant ships off the seas, and has moved the King's armies and the armies of our Allies from east to west and west to east. Canadian, Australian, South African, Indian, French, Italian, Russian, and British troops have been safely convoyed, and to-day over a million American soldiers have landed in France, and more land daily, thanks to the might of our strength at sea. Commerce has continued, food has been imported, while munitions of war and treasure of gold and silver have reached their destinations at Britain's supreme will.

In order to maintain the command of the sea our Navy has had to face a thousand dangers. Aircraft drop bombs from the sky, submarines attack from below, mines explode and

wound to death even a mighty Dreadnought. A slow ship may find herself committed to single combat with a fast ship, or one whose shooting powers far exceed her own. It is as though a swift runner went in pursuit of a lame man, or a well-armed man attacked a boy with inferior weapons. Apart from the navy of the foe our fighting ships must meet the perils of the sea, darkness and storm, fierce wind and cruel rock. Our Navy must find its way where no paths guide, and if ships sink, the sea drowns the strongest swimmer unless land be close at hand or other vessels come to the rescue quickly. The ocean gives neither food, drink nor fuel, and a ship must carry her own supplies and renew them from a port. Sight is precious to a fighting ship, but sometimes thick mists, called fogs, hide everything. Ships can emit smoke that envelops them like clouds and conceals them from enemy guns. That wonderful invention 'wireless' is carried by ships, and it enables them to speak with other vessels and with many distant lands, but should a ship's 'wireless' be destroyed, she is cut off from all communication with any living being who is not near enough to signal to her. It takes two years to build a cruiser, three years to replace a battleship, and six years to train a junior Naval Officer, so it is not easy to make good the casualties caused by war and by the perils of the deep.

In August, 1914, Britain's Naval strength was roughly distributed as follows :—

The Home Fleet was divided into three units, and the *First Fleet* consisted of 19 battleships (Dreadnoughts and super-Dreadnoughts), 9 pre-Dreadnought battleships, a battle-cruiser squadron of 4 ships, a second cruiser squadron of 4 armoured-cruisers, two more cruiser squadrons of different types, a light-cruiser squadron, a squadron of 6 gunboats for sweeping up mines, and four flotillas of destroyers. The *Second Fleet* had 14 pre-Dreadnoughts, two

cruiser squadrons, a mine-layer squadron, four patrol flotillas which consisted of destroyers and torpedo boats, and seven flotillas of submarines. The *Third Fleet* had two battle squadrons of rather old ships and six cruiser squadrons.

In the Mediterranean we had 3 battle-cruisers, 4 armoured-cruisers, 4 ordinary cruisers, a flotilla of 17 destroyers, and submarines and torpedo boats.

In Eastern Waters we had 1 battleship, 2 armoured-cruisers, and 4 sloops. The *China Squadron* consisted of 1 battleship, 2 amoured-cruisers, 8 destroyers, some gunboats, submarines and torpedo boats. The *New Zealand* squadron had 4 cruisers, and the Australian Navy possessed 1 battle-cruiser, 3 cruisers, 3 destroyers, and 2 submarines. We had a few cruisers and gunboats at the Cape of Good Hope and on the east and west coasts of Africa, and the North Atlantic was watched by a patrol of 4 armoured-cruisers and 1 ordinary cruiser.

The Expeditionary Force was immediately landed in France and from that day to this the Navy has guarded the Army on its way to and from the Western Front. The fighting ships of Germany in the North Sea soon took refuge in the safe waters behind Heligoland, while Austria's big vessels were pent up in the Adriatic Sea. In the Mediterranean the German ships *Goeben* and *Breslau* were off the Algerian coast and after eluding all pursuit they entered the Dardanelles and proved a tremendous reinforcement to the Turks. Germany's *Koenigsberg* was on the east coast of Africa and she destroyed a British cruiser which was repairing her boilers in the harbour of Zanzibar. Britain's *Highflyer*, an old ship, sank the enemy ship *Wilhelm Der Grosse* and our *Berwick* captured Germany's *Spreewald*, while our *Carmania* sank the enemy's *Cap Trafalgar* in single combat. In September, 1914, enemy submarines caused the loss of 3 of our cruisers. The *Aboukir* was torpedoed and

the *Cressy* and *Hogue* went gallantly to her rescue and met the same fate. Isolated raids can never be rendered impossible on vast oceans and so the German fleet, though it remained behind Heligoland, safeguarded by minefields, sent forth small forces whose performances were of little value to them. Late in 1914, 8 German warships bombarded an English seaside town called Yarmouth from a distance of 10 miles. As all they hit was the sea or the sand it was not a very successful act of war! An enemy force suddenly appeared off Scarborough, which was full of women and sick persons and schools for little girls. The Germans fired at this civilian town from a distance of 500 yards, damaged property, killed 18 people and wounded 70, including babies —and only succeeded in making England's will to defeat them more determined than ever. They next appeared off a quiet seaside village called Whitby and killed 5 people and wounded 2. Next five German ships attacked Hartlepool, where there were some gunners who replied defiantly to the naval guns, though greatly outranged. The enemy fired at least 1500 shells, which destroyed 600 houses, killed 119 people and wounded 300. Unfortunately a fog saved the raiders as they steamed swiftly away; our ships were in full pursuit of them, but the thick mist hid them. The Germans perhaps hoped to shake the courage of British civilians by frightening them with the thought that even their magnificent Navy could not be in *all* places at once, and that such isolated attacks were possible; they completely failed. *Nothing* could shake the respect and admiration which the people of the British Isles feel for their King's Navy. Germany may have wished to create rumours in Indian bazaars of an invasion and weakening of England, but if she had some small success in this direction her gain was less than the loss which she sustained by turning the public opinion of Neutral Powers against her through attacking undefended towns.

Indians probably attached far greater importance to the adventures of the enemy's ship *Emden* than a sea-going people would have done : the threat was mysterious and amazing to them and therefore alarming. However, it is probable that there are hundreds of thousands of Indian villagers in remote districts who never heard of the *Emden's* deeds, and certainly they made but little difference to the history of events in this great war. She appeared as an unpleasant surprise in the Bay of Bengal on September 10, 1914, and she captured 7 merchant ships, 6 of which she sank. She arrived at Rangoon—a most unwelcome visitor—and on September 22 she fired a few shells at astonished Madras and set an oil tank on fire. She was sighted off Pondicherry and later off the Malabar Coast but at last her adventures were ended by the Australian naval ships and her Captain became our prisoner of war.

Meanwhile England was being fed, her trade continued, and her armies travelled by sea wherever she wished.

On August 28, 1914, the naval action of the Bight of Heligoland took place. On the 26th destroyer flotillas had put to sea, followed next day by a battle-cruiser squadron, a light-cruiser squadron and a cruiser squadron. Silently and mysteriously they met on the 28th; the sea was calm but it was misty and visibility was limited to 3 miles. They steamed towards the lair of the German Navy and the great cliffs of Heligoland were sighted. Our submarines courted the attention of the enemy and succeeded in luring from behind Heligoland a number of German destroyers, followed by two cruisers. A fierce battle ensued between British and German cruisers, while our destroyers fought those of the enemy. By 10 a.m. the Germans came to the conclusion that only such of our forces as were in sight were near enough to give battle and they called up three more of their cruisers; these arrived to find a number of small British boats, lowered

from our destroyers, busily saving the lives of German sailors, whose ships we had sunk and who were drowning in the water. Upon these British boats they promptly fired! Our cruisers engaged the enemy cruisers, having previously forced two of them to retire. The British ships more than held their own in the terrific combat, but, as any moment the huge German battleships might have come forth, the British Commodore sent a wireless message asking for help and within an hour two light cruisers arrived and joined the fight. Admiral Sir David Beatty had to make a grave decision, for the Germans were fighting in their own waters, and had unlimited reinforcements close at hand; the enemy sea was strewn with mines and infested with submarines—but the pace of his great ships saved them from these bombs and sharks of the deep, and presently the sailors who for hours had toiled amid the thunder of their guns saw with relief our mighty battle-cruisers arriving. Picture the scene—the enemy *Mainz* was on fire and her bows were sinking into the vast smooth sea, north-eastward of her the British *Arethusa* was fighting the *Köln*, who turned and fled before the onslaught of Beatty's *Lion*. She failed to save herself, for the great guns sought her and found her and she fled on—burning terribly. Two salvos from the *Lion's* 13.5-inch gun set the *Ariadne* ablaze. Then the battle-cruisers of Britain turned on the *Köln* and sank her with every soul on board. Our total loss in this action, fought at the mouth of the German lair, was 32 killed and 52 wounded. The *Arethusa* was damaged, but not seriously, and one week later she was fit to go to sea again.

Meanwhile in distant seas, where British troops were not being convoyed, the British Admiral Cradock's squadron was playing hide-and-seek with a German squadron under the command of Admiral von Spee. The German Admiral left Kiao-Chau in August and sailed for the west coast of

South America. He had 2 armoured-cruisers, and 3 light cruisers. The British Admiral had 2 armoured-cruisers, 1 light cruiser, and an armed liner. The fastest German ship could outdistance the swiftest of Admiral Cradock's squadron, and the average pace of the German squadron was better than that of the British. Admiral Cradock began by sweeping the North Atlantic, then went to Halifax, the Bermudas, Venezuela, and Brazil. On November 1, 1914, off the coast of Chili, he sighted the enemy, and, though far the weaker force, he gave battle instantly. His one battleship, the *Canopus*, had not yet joined his squadron and the brave Admiral soon sank with his flag-ship the *Good Hope*, while the *Monmouth* burnt steadily and was obviously doomed. The enemy then turned on the *Glasgow*, but she skilfully escaped and went south to warn the *Canopus*, which she found two hundred miles away. This British defeat is known as the action of *Coronel*. When news of it reached the Admiralty they soon took their revenge. Admiral Sir Frederick Sturdee with 2 battle-cruisers, 3 armoured-cruisers, 1 light-cruiser and an armed liner met the *Glasgow* in the South Atlantic and laid a trap for the German Admiral which proved completely successful. Deceived by a wireless message sent for that purpose, Admiral von Spee hurried to Port Stanley where he expected to find the *Canopus* a helpless and easy prey. On December 7 the British squadron had arrived there. The *Canopus*, the *Glasgow*, and the *Bristol* took up positions in the inner harbour, while the *Kent*, the *Invincible*, the *Inflexible*, and the *Cornwall* waited in an outer gulf. The next day the German squadron approached the Falkland Islands and Port Stanley, but when von Spee came abreast of the harbour mouth and saw the formidable array there he changed his course and made off as fast as he could with the British squadron in pursuit. At 10 a.m. the British were twelve miles behind but 25 minutes

later drew close enough to fire upon the last of the German line. Von Spee turned like a dog whose tail is bitten, but by 9 o'clock that night, of all his powerful squadron only the *Dresden*, flying for her life, remained above the water. The British did not lose a single ship in this victory, and the battle of the Falkland Islands must be a bitter memory for the German Navy.

In January, 1915, the action of the Dogger Bank took place in the North Sea. This battle was fought between Admiral Sir David Beatty and the German Admiral Hipper with their battle-cruiser squadrons. The Germans tried to lure the British to the dangerous Heligoland area with its terrible mines but the British broke off the action before it was too late. The battle began at 9 a.m. on January 24 and the British gunnery throughout the pursuit was magnificent; they hit their targets, which were moving at the rate of 30 miles an hour, from a distance of 10 miles. The enemy ships *Seydlitz* and *Derflinger* caught fire, and the enemy ship *Bluecher* turned over and sank. We rescued 120 German swimmers and while our men were engaged in this act of chivalry the German aircraft dropped bombs on them. After this defeat the Germans had to content themselves with lies, claiming to have sunk British ships which in truth had returned to their own shores unharmed.

During the winter of 1915 Germany declared war against every British ship, passenger steamer or cargo vessel, sailing upon the seas. She could only take action against them by means of her submarines for her mighty fleets and squadrons were unable to face the British Navy in battle with success. These submarines could not accommodate the crews and passengers of sunken vessels, who were left and drowned, and Germany has dishonoured herself by the cruelty and treachery she has shown at sea. Hospital-ships have been sunk, and among many victims was the great liner

Lusitania, which carried several American citizens. The *Lusitania* was sunk on May 7, 1915, and few of her unfortunate passengers—civilians, women, and little children—reached the Irish coast alive. America will never forget that crime.

The attack by sea on the Forts which guard the Dardanelles and the inner passage known as the Narrows began on February 19, 1915, and continued till March 18. Previous to this phase of the naval operations the French and British had contented themselves with blocking the exit from the Dardanelles to the open sea. They were now told to perform an impossible task. All that human courage, skill, and obedience could accomplish they faithfully performed but the strength confronting them was overwhelming. The strong current from the Sea of Marmora was against them, also the North-East gales. Forts, heavily armed with splendid guns, opposed them, and submarines, drifting mines, and torpedoes fired from the land, added to the danger. On February 26, three of our ships steamed in between the frowning shores; on March 5 the forts in the Narrows were attacked and on the following day they were again bombarded. On March 15 our light cruiser *Amethyst* made an adventurous dash right into the Narrows and on March 18 we made our supreme effort—in vain. The French *Bouvet* sank in three minutes from the time she was struck, our *Irresistible* kept afloat for more than an hour, though injured beyond hope, and most of her gallant fighting men were rescued by destroyers. Our *Ocean* sank to her last rest very quickly and the French *Gaulois* and British *Inflexible* were badly hit. At sunset the forts still fired and our attack had failed. In the gathering darkness the Allied Fleets left the Dardanelles, where they had fought such a fight as poets will sing of through all the years to come.

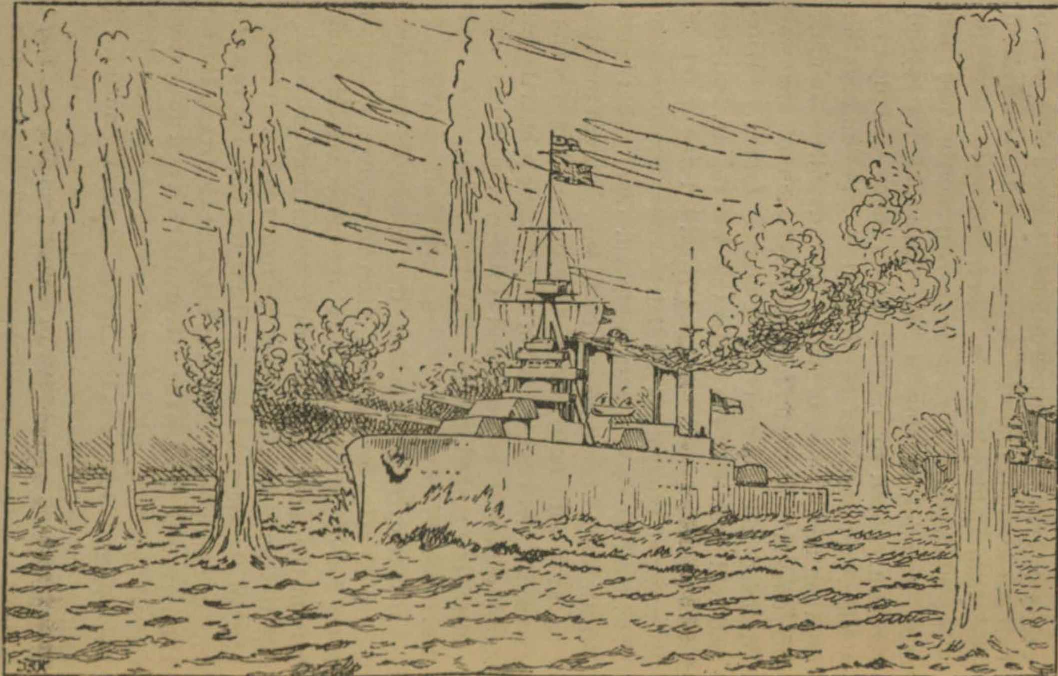
In the first six months of the War our naval loss of life was under 6,000. The Allies used about 3,000 merchant

ships for diverse purposes of war. Freights rose high (for wheat from the Argentine they rose from thirteen rupees eight annas a ton to twenty-two rupees eight annas a ton); but though many merchant vessels have been sunk, the merchant sailors of our Empire—Indian Lascars among them—have *never* given way to panic. Like the Army, the Navy has no politics, but more than once since the war began, the sturdy merchant sailors of Great Britain have refused to sail with politicians, when they disapproved of the mission upon which they were bent; in those circumstances the politicians were obliged to remain on shore! British dockyard labour has worked magnificently for four years, repairing vessels and building new ships, and the submarines of the enemy, which at one time threatened to sink our trading steamers quicker than we could replace them, are unable to do so now.

For many long months the Navy has to wait and watch for a foe, and its iron discipline, which is harder than that of the Army, preserves its splendid spirit. No man is merrier than a sailor of the King's Navy and no living soul is braver. Many heroes went to their death in the spring of 1916, just when their home-land was bursting into flowers and the dearly-loved fields were being prepared for the summer harvest and their wives were working quietly at home thinking of them, and their little children were playing happily. They sank with their ships, those gallant men, leaving no sign upon the surface of the water, but writing their deeds forever upon the heart of England. It was on May 30 that they set out to look for the enemy. Admiral Sir David Beatty with battle-cruiser squadrons, and one great battle squadron, swept the ocean southward of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe who was in supreme command of the grand Fleet. Sir John looked north for the enemy and had with him his mighty battle squadrons, one battle-cruiser squadron and three flotillas of destroyers. Then, on May 31, five

batte-cruisers with other cruisers and destroyers belonging to the enemy, came forth south of the British from behind Heligoland, and, under the command of the German Admiral von Hipper, led the way to open sea. This force, which was not ·stronger than the force under the command of Sir David Beatty, was followed by nearly all the strongest ships of the German Navy under the command of Admiral von Scheer. Admiral Jellicoe at that time was fifty or sixty miles away from Beatty, so that von Hipper had reinforcements of an overwhelming strength much nearer to him than those that Beatty could summon. At 2-20 p.m. the Flagship of one of the British light-cruiser squadrons signalled to Beatty that he saw enemy vessels in the east! At that hour Jellicoe was north, off the south of Norway; Beatty and Hipper were moving towards each other to the west of the north coast of Jutland; and in the south von Scheer was bringing his terrible strength upon the scene as fast as his great swift ships could move. When Beatty heard the news he hastened to get between the German Navy and its home. Both he and von Hipper manoeuvred for position, and the German dropped back steadily towards von Scheer's Battle Fleet. The Germans were far nearer to their base than the British, and Beatty closed with von Hipper without delay and went gallantly into action. The first shots of the Battle of Jutland were fired at 3-45 p.m. when the combatants were 18,500 yards apart and moving fast. The Germans shot well and were lucky. You may fire at a man and hit him in a vital spot and kill him, or you may only inflict a curable wound and he will live to fight you another day. It is the same with a ship of the Navy. Both the British *Queen Mary* and *Indefatigable* were struck in such a way that they blew up and nothing remained of those proud and powerful ships of war but ripples upon the smooth surface of the sea and some floating wreckage.

At 4-42 p.m. the British Admiral sighted the German Battle Fleet ahead. Promptly he turned north and headed for Sir John Jellicoe's Battle Fleet. Hitherto the battle had been moving south, now it moved north, and the Germans, knowing nothing of the danger hidden beyond the horizon, hoped to catch Beatty's force and destroy every ship. Pursued—as he desired to be—through all the calm but misty miles of water, the dauntless Admiral and his officers and men fought every inch of the way and disabled the German battle-cruiser *Lutzow*. Wireless had told Jellicoe of the battle that was raging, and his ships raced to the rescue. Admiral Hood led the Fleet in battle array and brought his 3rd Battle-cruiser Squadron into action with all the perfect seamanship and dignity that befits the British Navy when it goes forth to war. Fifteen minutes later he sank with nearly every soul on board in his ship the *Invincible*, not having lived in vain. Close behind the 3rd Squadron came the 1st and 2nd Cruiser Squadrons and soon after they rushed into the fray the *Defence* was sunk and the *Black Prince* and the *Warrior* were badly hit. Meanwhile our destroyers with reckless dash fought terrific single combats with ships far mightier than themselves, going in under the fire of great guns to save the bigger vessels of our Fleet from the murderous assault of submarines. Gradually through the din and confusion of the fight the British turned the head of the German line and the battle began to proceed south. The light grew faint and as long as it lasted the British Fleet endeavoured to keep the Germans at sea and away from their naval bases, to which von Scheer now hastened in full retreat. Admiral Jellicoe in the *Iron Duke* now commanded a Fleet which outnumbered the Germans, but alas, the daylight and the darkness were not his to command, and as the night approached, enemy ships disappeared and left no trace on the pathless deep by which they might be pursued. The



British Warships in the Battle of Jutland

British *Lion*, and *Princess Royal* and *Indomitable* set fire to three enemy ships with their guns as late as 8-30 that night, and later in the darkness a great explosion tore the ocean and told the tale of how a doomed German ship had been rent in sunder. At 9-30 p.m. the British Fleet took up a position which was meant to keep the enemy at sea, in order that with the coming of the dawn they might be destroyed. The night was the opportunity of the little ships, and they fought the enemy where and when they found him, whatever his size, and when they met with destruction, their commanding officers, according to the traditions of their service, went down with their ships. One by one the enemy slipped away, scattered and dismayed, and on June 1 Sir John Jellicoe waited in vain till 11 a.m. for a sight of even one of them. The British Fleet was left proudly at sea, unmolested and looking eagerly for another fight. The Germans were in their bases making empty boasts. They had lost two battleships of the largest class and one less powerful, five light-cruisers, six destroyers and one submarine—and they turned and hid, reaching their base by dawn June 1. The British lost three battle-cruisers, three armoured-cruisers, and eight destroyers, and were the pursuers as long as the Germans remained at sea. The British Fleet did not return to its base until June 2.

Since the Battle of Jutland the Navy has been as watchful as ever, and as eager to fight, but since that hour the German Grand Fleet never came forth to challenge it, and month by month great armies move upon the waters and in spite of submarines the Americans pour into France. There is only space to tell of two more Naval adventures out of all the hundred thrilling tales which might be told—the story of Jack Cornwell, and the Zeebrugge raid.

Jack Cornwell's father was a soldier, and Jack Cornwell was a Boy Scout who entered the King's Navy and gave his

life for the Empire on board the *Chester* on May 31 in the Battle of Jutland. He was only sixteen years old and he was stationed by one of the ship's guns. He was mortally wounded by the enemy and one by one the gun's crew fell dead or dying until he stood there alone. His orders were to stay there, and there he remained, waiting for new orders or for death. It was death that greeted him and he died at his post, a perfect example of perfect discipline. He was just a humble little fellow, no great name, no wealth, no fame—until he died like a hero, and then his great Admiral, Beatty, mentioned him in despatches, and his country, receiving his body home with his ship, buried him with highest naval and civic honours, and the whole Empire praised his memory. The King awarded him the Victoria Cross and, since he was dead, his sorrowful mother went to the King's Palace and received from His Majesty that little plain cross "For Valour."

In conquered Belgium there stands an old town, Bruges, from which runs a broad canal leading to the sea. This canal ends in a narrow mouth opening into the large Zeebrugge Harbour, which is protected from the open sea by over a mile of breakwater, named the Mole. This is joined to the land by a structure of wood, called a viaduct. From the naval base, fed by means of the Bruges canal, came German small craft and submarines to trouble the British by sea, and this stronghold was filled by enemy destroyers and submarines and protected by great guns and a guard on the Mole, also by aircraft and mines. It was into this place that the British Navy decided to dash, very much as a stone might be flung into a beehive of angry bees! Each man who joined the enterprise ran the risk of almost certain death and the majority embarked in old boats of little naval value because each ship, no less than each sailor, was unlikely to return, and those sacrificed were such as the Navy could

best afford to lose. Of her men she gave her best, and suddenly in May, 1918, these heroes emerged from behind a black veil of their own smoke and shouted to the enemy at his very gate with a voice that could be heard above the thunder of their guns! One old British submarine was driven with great force straight into the wooden viaduct and was there blown up. By thus smashing the viaduct the Mole was cut off from land, and the enemy prevented from reinforcing their guard. Having amazed the enemy, who now poured a heavy fire at us from guns ashore and guns afloat, one of our destroyers with a terrible and cool courage dashed into the Germans' harbour and fired at the destroyers lying alongside of the Mole, discharging torpedoes at them, until she was sunk by gun-fire. Three old British cruisers, laden with concrete, defiantly and triumphantly crossed the harbour to the mouth of the Bruges canal and two were sunk there in accordance with our scheme for blocking it. Meanwhile, though unable to prevent this success, German artillery was pounding us, and the decks of the ancient cruiser *Vindictive* were soon red with blood. Three times the crew of one of her howitzers were killed to a man, but the gun never ceased to defy her enemies. Two small vessels, the *Daffodil* and the *Iris*, accompanied the *Vindictive* and helped to push her into position against the Mole. They carried landing parties, but the needs of the big ship were so vital that the *Daffodil* received fresh orders to remain where she was, thrusting the *Vindictive* to the breakwater and keeping her there. The Lieut.-Commander of the *Iris* and a Lieutenant were killed as they tried to grapple her to the Mole, and the Captain was mortally wounded on the bridge, both his legs being blown off. A valiant landing party of Marines and Sailors suffered heavy loss as they scrambled ashore from the *Vindictive* and let themselves down to the lower edge of the Mole by ropes and rope-ladders.

Germans from the three destroyers came climbing up to meet them and were met at the point of the bayonet. A hand-to-hand fight followed, and our gallant storming party threw hand-bombs and set one of the destroyers on fire and sank her. Then they re-formed and hurried on, attacked German gunners, and captured a gun. They were then recalled to the *Vindictive* and re-embarked, the object of the great adventure having been accomplished. Slowly the *Vindictive* withdrew carrying her burden of dead and dying men and happy victors. Next day at dawn, as she neared home, she was met by a signal from Admiral Keyes which said with the voice of all England "Well done, *Vindictive*!" Great Britain was indeed deeply moved and delighted by this fight, for in the manner of its doing she recognized the spirit of her seamen, unchanging from generation to generation.

IV

THE ROMANCE OF THE AIR*

The Royal Air Force is the youngest arm of the Service, yet it has already revolutionized the science of War. The first aim of a General commanding an Army in the field is to make the enemy fight in unfavourable circumstances, to concentrate troops on a point where he is weakest, to separate his forces and to fight them in detail one by one. But to achieve any of these results he must know exactly where the enemy is and what he is proposing to do.

In wars before the Great War it was difficult or impossible to obtain this knowledge of the enemy's movements and intentions—knowledge which might often mean all the difference between victory or defeat. But secrecy is now seldom possible. The airman is the eye of the Army. Flying thousands of feet above the earth he can watch and report the movements of troops, trains, boats and guns, so that his General is never unprepared for the next move of the enemy. The enemy, too, if he has a good air service, is equally well informed, and the consequence is that the sudden surprise attack, the rapid unobserved movements of troops against a weak spot, the kind of stroke that in the old days decided most important battles, is now rarely possible. The aeroplane has to a great extent removed the element of surprise in war.

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* When the romance of War or the romance of the Air, or the romance of the Sea is spoken of, what is meant is this: War and air-fighting and sea-fighting signify to the warriors engaged something more than grim and horrible slaughter. The body may be engaged in work that is dirty, dangerous, exhausting and ugly, but the story of the fighter's life is rendered thrilling and perhaps immortal by the experience. His spirit, encountering great risks and new emotions, carries his mind and body through strange adventures by land and sea and air and ennobles the experience, rendering it romantic as any legend or tale.

But this is only one of the many changes brought about by aviation. The aeroplane has also removed distance. There are no frontiers in the air, no mountains to cross, nor rivers, no obstacles whatever except storms and clouds and heavy winds. But even these the airman has defeated. He can strike at an enemy a hundred miles away within an hour of leaving his base. And no doubt in the future, as his machine is improved and developed, his range will be increased far beyond its present limits ; a thousand miles will be covered in a night ; and the bounds of time and space will be greatly lessened.

I have said that the Flying Corps is the youngest arm of the service. This is true in another sense. It is a service for very young men, a service for boys almost. In it promotion is quick, responsibility is tremendous ; a young veteran of twenty-five may become a Lieutenant-Colonel. And as is natural, the youngest arm of the service is the most adventurous. Merely to fly is a thrilling experience. But to fight in the clouds and above them introduces a new element of adventure beyond anything that war or sport has ever provided. I remember a young Pilot describing his first fight in the air. "There is nothing to touch it," he said. "It was like the first time one was up against a tiger or a leopard at close quarters ; it was like one's first flight the moment one left the ground alone in one's own machine. Take these sensations. Mix them up. Double the thrill. And you will have some idea of the excitement of one's first *fight* in the air. I hadn't time to be afraid."

To some who have not flown, the air seems full of terrors. They think of the drop, and imagine the same sense of fear and shrinking with which one looks over the edge of a steep precipice. But when one has left the earth one is exhilarated, exalted, filled with a sense of power, uplifted in body and spirit. There is no giddiness, no particular

sense of speed, though one may be flying at a hundred miles an hour. Behind one's wind-screen one does not feel the rush of air. One seems to be floating, almost stationary, buoyant and stable as a boat on a wave. There are no objects flying past, as when one is in a train or motor. Landmarks are all thousands of feet below, and too far distant to give one a sense of motion. One looks down on a still panorama, in which villages and camps, rivers and trenches stand out as in a map, and the shadow of one's machine glides slowly over the plain below.

Such is the sense of calm and peace of a quiet day in the air. In battle, of course, there is no peace; but when the aviator is fighting for his life, or running the gauntlet of enemy machines and guns, his faculties are so concentrated for action, he is so alert and ready in every nerve, that he forgets fear. So long as there is a reasonable chance of his saving his own machine or destroying one of the enemy's he has no time to imagine the details of that final fatal plunge to earth. But it should be remembered that there are generally two in an aeroplane, the pilot who flies the machine, and the observer who gathers intelligence, photographs the enemy's defences, directs the gunfire of artillery by signals or wireless, drops bombs or engages enemy aircraft with his machine gun.

To the coolest head and the stoutest heart flying must often bring moments of intense excitement and fear. Many and various are the perils of the air. Apart from the fire of the guns from the ground, and the sudden attack of hostile aircraft, a hundred things may go wrong with one's machine. The aviator sometimes finds that his aeroplane has turned upside down and is rapidly descending to earth. There was a case where the pilot was wounded, became insensible and lost control. The observer kept his head though the machine was falling three thousand feet a minute. He crawled to the

pilot's seat and restored him to consciousness, bathing his head with water. When the pilot came to his senses the machine was a bare two thousand feet from earth. Everything now depended on the calmness and presence of mind of a man suddenly awakened to a crisis in which he faced an almost certain death. Had the pilot pulled back the control with a violent jerk he must have wrecked the aeroplane ; but, though dizzy, and sick, and faint through loss of blood, his coolness never deserted him. He applied a gentle pressure and gradually straightened his machine. The Huns underneath were counting on the wreck, and had ceased firing, when, to their astonishment, they saw the aeroplane right itself and fly away. It is part of our airmen's training to practice trick flying, so that they may acquire the instinct and skill to right their machine in any conceivable position in which they may find themselves.

It requires another kind of courage to climb on the wings or the tail plane to correct something that has gone amiss when one is racing at terrific speed ten thousand feet above the earth. Yet such work has sometimes to be done. It is a still more trying experience to be in a machine that has caught fire. Sometimes the fragment of a burning shell will ignite the frame, and the pilot, looking round, will see the flame lick its way over the fabric towards the tail. If he cannot get the fire under or effect a landing within a few moments, there is the alternative of being burnt alive, or of being carried to earth with the burning debris as the parts fall asunder. In August, 1917, Major Bannatyne was flying, when his aeroplane caught fire in the forepart near the engine. He was gradually driven back by the flames until he found himself hanging on with his hands to the tail of the machine a thousand feet above the earth. By a miracle of tenacity he held on, and when the machine came to ground he was still living.

The stopping of an engine during a flight does not mean that the pilot loses control of his machine. He can glide to earth, and if he is at a high altitude the probabilities are that he will be able to find a clear space for landing. If he is near the ground his case is more difficult, but under ordinary conditions every thousand feet of elevation enables him to cover an extra mile in his downward journey. Thus if he is at ten thousand feet when the engine stops, he can land at a point within ten miles. Nothing could equal the excitement of gliding back in this way over hostile ground to friendly trenches. As the airman descends, the enemy's anti-aircraft guns concentrate their fire on his machine ; he can hear the hiss of flying fragments and watch the black puffs of the bursting shells creeping towards him as the gunners gradually improve their range. The enemy's aeroplanes will have marked his flight and will be closing in in pursuit. He cannot swerve or change his course, but must make straight for the British or French lines. Soon the enemy's machine-guns and rifles will come into action as he races past their battery positions and dives down over their trenches ; and his machine will be riddled with bullets when he alights, if he is fortunate, in his own lines.

The first duty of an airman who lands among enemies is to burn his machine, and it often happens that a pilot in his efforts to save his aeroplane loses his own life. A splendid example of devotion of this kind is recorded of Second Lieutenant W. B. R. Moorhouse, V. C., who was severely wounded in a bombing raid on Courtrai Railway Station early in the war. To make sure of his mark he descended to three hundred feet. At this low altitude he was able to aim well ; but he was an easy target for the German rifles and he was struck by one of the bullets that rattled through his machine. He might have saved his life if he had consented to land among the Huns and surrender, but he preferred

to save his machine, and though severely wounded and in great pain, he flew back thirty miles to our own lines. On the way he received another wound, mortal this time, from a shell. But he brought his machine back safely to the aerodrome, delivered his report and died the next day.

Another example of the same kind of fortitude and endurance was shown by Second Lieutenant Acland after a duel with a heavier and superior type of German machine. Acland put the Hun aeroplane out of action, but in the fight his own petrol tank was pierced by a shell and the oil burst into flame. The whole machine was soon burning. Any moment it might break up and fall to pieces. But Acland hung on and, in spite of the agony and mental strain, he brought the aeroplane safely to earth and saved the life of his observer though the flames were licking the body of the machine all round him.

Every day the air has witnessed brave acts of this kind. Some are observed and rewarded, though it would be impossible to give honourable recognition to all. If every airman were decorated who deserved it, medals and crosses would cease to be a distinction. Many go about their work unobserved. They give their lives in brave unknown encounters and their names are only recorded among the "missing."

An important part played by our airmen in England has been the protection of our shores from Zeppelins. The Zeppelin is not an aeroplane, but an airship. It is lighter than the air, whereas the aeroplane, of course, is heavier ; and in the size of the two machines there is all the difference between a boat and a ship. A Zeppelin can carry a crew of thirty, whereas an aeroplane can only carry its pilot and observer, and in some cases only a pilot.

There may perhaps be a future for the Zeppelins, but they have a very bad record in the past. The Germans specialised

in the airship before the war and produced this type of vessel. It is a clumsy weapon, but they hoped by means of it to devastate our shores, to reduce our great cities to ruins, to terrify our people, and to deprive England of the great advantage she possesses in being an island. For it maddens the Hun to think that the Briton—the foe he fears and detests most—is safe from attack in his island home so long as England retains the sovereignty of the seas. Upon other nations, France, Russia, Belgium, he could wreak his hate when they were unprepared, with sudden invasion, murder and loot. But England was secure from his hatred and envy. The Englishman he could only meet on the fields of Flanders and France, or on the deep sea where he generally received more injury from him than he gave. He could not touch the Englishman in his home.

But the airship, he thought, would change all that ; and Count Zeppelin, who invented the machine and gave it his name, became the idol of the German people. For a long time it was believed in Germany that these airships had destroyed London and all the chief cities in England and razed them to the ground, and the ignorant German people were encouraged to believe that a weapon had been found which would reduce the English to panic and surrender. Travellers from Holland who had read the German newspapers were astonished when they arrived in London to find St. Paul's Cathedral and the Houses of Parliament still standing.

But the Zeppelin raids on England did little or no military damage. The Zeppelins only attained half the speed of the aeroplanes and could not attain half the altitude, and they were so unwieldy and clumsy that it was only safe for them to fly at night ; for in the day time they would fall an easy prey to the aeroplanes that could fly above them, or they would become an easy target for the anti-aircraft gun. But in the dark the Zeppelins could not see where they were

going; they destroyed nothing of military value; their havoc was without military purpose. They killed and maimed old women and children. It was not until nearly twelve months after the beginning of the war that they injured a single combatant. The only military effect of these raids on the English people was to increase recruiting, for the brutal Zeppelins brought home to all our villagers the character of the people with whom England was at war, and made them eager to join the Army and fight.

Gradually the Zeppelins were destroyed, in the first place by accident and bad weather, afterwards, as our aerial defences were improved, by our anti-aircraft guns and aeroplanes. The first time a British aeroplane came within fighting distance of one of these airships by daylight the result of the engagement was the destruction of the Zeppelin. This gallant deed earned a Victoria Cross for the pilot, Flight Sub-Lieutenant Warneford, who has since died an airman's death. Directly Warneford sighted the Zeppelin he rose in his machine to a point above it where he was sheltered from the airship's guns. Then he dropped bombs on the vast bag of air and gas beneath him until it burst into flames, sagged, collapsed, and plunged down to earth, a burning ruin, with all its crew. The danger to the pilot was at the moment of the Zeppelin's fall; for his machine, as he had feared, was sucked down by the displacement of the air, turned turtle, and fell. But Warneford kept a cool head and hand. He righted his machine and brought it safely to land. It was a happy landing for the boy destroyer of the first Zeppelin. And a fine trophy too. A Zeppelin is fifty-five times more costly than an aeroplane, and almost twenty times as big. And it carries a crew of thirty men, all murderers according to the law that existed between nations until the beginning of the war, and which will exist before God until the end of time.



A British Aeroplane destroying a German

Now, when the Huns raid England, they come in squadrons of aeroplanes, thirty or more in the air at once. Our airmen go out to meet them and never count the odds against them. When the Huns attacked our shores in 1917 Lieutenant Young flew into the midst of twenty-two enemy machines, and single-handed engaged the whole air squadron. Every enemy aeroplane opened fire. Each machine had four guns. Each gun was firing four hundred rounds a minute. Nearly six hundred bullets were fired at him every second. But Lieut. Young flew straight in and fought until his machine put its nose up into the air and went spinning down into the sea from a height of fourteen thousand feet.

The second great use of the aeroplane, after scouting and artillery observation, is raiding. But the raids of aeroplanes in the fighting area behind the enemy's front are very different in their motive and effect from the cruel and senseless invasions of the Zeppelins. The Zeppelin raids on England were instigated by hate : they did no *military* damage ; but our air raids on the enemy's munition factories, arsenals, aerodromes, Zeppelin sheds, railway communications and bridges serve a useful *military* purpose. The French and British, when they take to the air to kill or destroy, reserve their bombs for military objects.

Great is the sense of freedom, life, and power in the young airman when he goes out on a raid. A single boy in a machine may turn defeat into victory. He may render the enemy powerless to move by destroying his railways and bridges, holding up his reinforcements and transport with all the ammunition and supplies vital to the life of an army. If he destroys a single link in the enemy's chain of communications, he has destroyed the whole chain until such time as the link can be repaired. In December, 1916, when we began our advance on Baghdad the Turks were towing the pontoons of their bridge up the Tigris at night in order to effect a

crossing higher up and to throw troops from one bank to the other, where they were urgently needed. This was the chance for one of our pilots. Captain Herring flew over Kut by moonlight and dropped bombs on the Turkish gunboat as she was towing the pontoon upstream. He flew low and bombed the vessel from one hundred feet and caused her to run aground and let go of the bridge she was towing. He returned to the aerodrome for more bombs and again drove her into the bank. He repeated this a third time and the three journeys kept him in the air from midnight until six in the morning. The pontoons were cast adrift and scattered and during the whole of the next day the Turks were unable to transfer troops across the river.

Some of the earliest long distance raids in the war were effected by officers of the Royal Naval Air Service, which was to the Navy what the Flying Corps was to the Army. The Services are now combined in one Royal Air Force. As early as October, 1914, Flight-Commander Collett was dropping bombs on the Zeppelin sheds at Dusseldorf. He damaged the sheds, but the destruction was incomplete; so a fortnight later Squadron-Commander Marix repeated the flight and burnt the sheds and the Zeppelins. On the same day Squadron-Commander Spencer Grey flew from Dunkirk to Cologne, bombed and destroyed an important part of the railway station and returned to Dunkirk after a continuous flight of nearly four hours.

It should be noted that the Naval flying men have seaplanes as well as aeroplanes. These are supplied with floats under the machine, so that they can alight on, or rise from, the water. They can remain floating under ordinary circumstances, but they are not strong enough to stand a very rough sea, and special boats have been constructed to carry them. The uses of the seaplane are many. One of the most important is to act as scout for our destroyers, searching the sea

for submarines, which are visible to the air pilot when under water and invisible to a seaman on a ship. More than once the seaplane has bombed and sunk the submarine without aid from the destroyer's guns.

Sometimes an aeroplane will come down low and engage the infantry in the trenches or the infantry and cavalry on the march. A single aeroplane once captured a German trench unaided after emptying drum after drum of ammunition into the crouching Huns. The enemy in their terror put up the white flag; the pilot signalled to our infantry to come over and take possession; and the trench was captured without the loss of a single man. The attacking of trains is another form of war that the airman loves. He will follow a train for miles behind the enemy's position, derail the engine with a bomb and spit bullets into the crowded carriages full of troops, until he has exhausted his ammunition. To put a train out of action is a good morning's work. It means that the airman single-handed has engaged a thousand or more of the enemy; and apart from the casualties he has inflicted and the panic he has caused, he has blocked the line for a time and held up supplies and ammunition that are needed at the front.

But it is in an attack on cavalry that the airman can spread the greatest consternation. A youthful pilot of nineteen once changed an orderly inspection of German cavalry into a disorderly rout. If trained troops are sometimes scattered by aeroplanes the effect of a sudden descent from the air on less civilized races can easily be imagined. In Mesopotamia our airmen became the terror of thieves and irregular horse. It was impossible for the raiders to get off with their loot in the morning. Our machines, flying a few feet above the ground, scoured the whole desert, raked their hiding places with machine-gun fire, scattered and pursued their cavalry, spreading panic among the horses, and

rounded up the retiring convoys while our cavalry followed and brought back the spoil.

Aeroplanes have penetrated to the most remote theatres of the war ; and the more remote the scene of the operations, the greater their moral effect. How great must have been the surprise of the desert tribes of Darfoor in the Soudan when they were attacked by an enemy who descended upon them out of the sky. These men had never seen a vehicle on wheels. Much less had they imagined a machine that travelled in the air. When Captain Bannatyne bombed BirMeleit and turned his machine gun on to it, the enemy, five hundred in all, bolted and left the encampment open to our troops.

This sudden appearance of an enemy in the sky must have struck awe and terror into the hearts of the men of Darfoor. It was useless to resist the contriver of miracles, and they surrendered without a question to the flying magician who could command the air. At first they imagined that the aeroplane was some automatic engine of destruction propelled from afar ; but when the machine came to ground and a living man issued from it their astonishment knew no bounds. Aeroplanes have been used for the defence of the Indian Frontiers with marked success.

The science of fighting in the air, though it has made gigantic strides in the last three years, is still in its infancy ; and it is possible in the near future that the youngest arm in the service may become the most important in a campaign. Already machines have been produced that can fly one hundred and thirty miles an hour and climb one thousand feet a minute. But this record will be surpassed. Aeroplanes will be used not merely in scouting and raiding, but as part of a general offensive, and more especially in the pursuit. In the future their armament will be heavier, their speed greater ; and the intensity and accuracy of their fire will be increased.

In the old days an aeroplane was fairly safe from the aim of two or three guns as it rose or dipped, or changed its course to perplex the gunners. But now whole batteries of guns are trained on the aeroplane; these are connected by telephone so that the whole area through which the machine has to pass is swept by shell-fire. And it is not only a direct hit that brings down an aeroplane; very often a shell bursting near by will upset a machine by the displacement of the air and bring it to earth. But more machines are destroyed by other machines than by guns from the ground.

An important part of an air squadron's work now-a-days is to destroy hostile raiders and to prevent the enemy's scouts from flying over our lines and getting away with the information as to gun positions and movements of troops which is so essential to the other side. An air battle now is no longer an affair of a duel between two machines. A hundred aeroplanes may be engaged on either side, and a large number of these will be destroyed or disabled. Of a squadron of thirty-six pilots who took the air in the Autumn offensive on the Somme in 1916, twenty-seven were lost in the first six weeks, and most of those who came out to fill the gaps followed them to the same brave death. But the air force did not grudge the loss. It was a ready and cheerful sacrifice. They knew that the mastery of the air and the co-operation it ensured between our infantry and the guns was essential to victory and that without it many of our best battalions must have been destroyed in the assault.

The whole history of war has not produced a more gallant and devoted type than the airman. He wins his wings* in the same way as the young knight of old won his spurs, in single and mortal combat, but against deadlier odds. You can generally tell a flying man by his face. The spirit of the

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* The badge, a pair of wings, worn on the coat by the aviator who has obtained his Pilot's Certificate.

air is stamped there. The buoyancy of life, the high spirits, good comradeship, resolution, dash, the alert vigilance and easy familiarity with death, have bred a type. There is something purging and refining in the air. The Germans' temperament, though brave and enduring, is clumsy and slow. The Hun has not the quickness of decision, the eye for an opportunity, the resource, of the Briton, nor the brilliant and daring confidence of the French. And so long as the national character remains unchanged the Allies will hold the mastery of the air.

We of to-day, British and Indian, must never forget what we owe to the chivalrous flying men. We and our sons and our sons' sons will remember the gay and gallant company that went out to do battle in the air, each one knowing in his heart that at the most a month of these daily encounters would probably see the end of a brief life, generously devoted. For it is all a question of averages. One day the crippling shell or bullet will bring the machine to earth. "One day," as the young French airman said, "the Hun will get us. But we have offered our lives to our country in advance and are no more troubled."

V

ARMIES AND THEIR COMMANDERS

In order to think rightly of war as the duty of heroes, it is necessary to put away the old stories of the wars of those kings and emperors who started out to take their neighbours' lands and enslave their neighbours themselves. The wars in which brave men may justly fight and gain renown are those for the safety of their own countries, the protection of the weak, and the maintenance of the right. It is not to conquer lands to which they have no claim that the young men of India have flocked to the British colours ; Sikh and Rajput, Dogra and Gurkha, Garhwali, Pathan, Sayad, Sheikh and Mogul, Burman, Maratha, Hazara and Sonthal, have come because they feel that the British and their Allies fight for what is true and right in the world. Misery and suffering must arise from all war, but the guilt is on the heads of those who start it without a righteous cause.

England, France, Belgium, Serbia, Greece, Japan, the great Arab nation, the United States of America, and India have all realized that Germany and her Allies have endeavoured to conquer the whole world for their own evil ends. Firm in this conviction the youth of India may well study the characters of the Army's leaders and glory in the heroism of its soldiers. When they listen to the tales of what their brothers, their fathers and their cousins have been doing alongside of the soldiers of France and England and the other Allies, they may safely feel that they are admiring those who have taken to arms for the sake of the right. How differently will the spirit of this mighty war inspire the sons of German soldiers ! True it is that the German warrior is a strong man, magnificently armed and disciplined, but his army is without chivalry, without manly mercy and honourable customs ;

it is disgraced by the treacherous use of the flag of truce, by brutal cruelty to the wounded, prisoners, women and little children. An Army which has cut off the right hands of small boys in order that they should never work for their own land, which has driven away women and old men from their homes to toil at forced labour in aid of the enemy of their countrymen, which has burnt towns and villages in mere spite, which has laid waste fields and orchards, which has spat upon honourable officers and men who are prisoners of war—is not a great example, but an awful warning, to all civilization.

Secure in the knowledge that the mighty Army of Great Britain fights for the right and fights for it honourably, let us study the duties of the various ranks of which an Army is composed and try to understand the qualities which war demands.

First and foremost in authority and responsibility we have the Commander-in-Chief in the field. We may have seen him clatter by on horseback with an escort of lancers, but perhaps few who see him thus realize the great burden of care which he carries in his mind. He has two distinct problems before him. First, how to meet and defeat the enemy with the troops and guns at his disposal, and carry out the orders of his Government; secondly, how to feed and clothe and find shelter for his Army. He has on his Staff highly trained and capable assistants, but the responsibility of plans and the burden of their failure rest with him. The lives of many thousands of his men have to be given up at his orders, and while it is his duty to let that great river of blood flow on relentlessly in order to obtain victory, it is his constant anxiety never to sacrifice one soldier's life in vain. Remember always that if he fails he falls. He has risen high in his profession and all men watch his actions, which never cease to be tested by their results—victory or defeat. If he loses the confidence of the Army, the Government, and the Empire, he will be withdrawn from his position of authority

immediately and no man can doubt that he will suffer greatly. Men do not become great Generals through the positions of their fathers, nor by much talking or mere favour. They earn their promotion by the hard work of many years. The motto of the King's son is 'I SERVE,' and the power of the Commanders of the King's Army is given to them because their *service* has proved they are fit for it.

Next to the Commander-in-Chief come the lesser commanders, and these in the Great War vary from the Commanders of armies of a quarter of a million men and many hundred cannon down to the Brigadier-General who takes four battalions of infantry or a group of cavalry and artillery into action. Their problem is the problem of the Commander-in-Chief on a smaller scale. They have to decide how to carry out their orders, how to spend their men's lives to the best advantage, how to cherish and spare those lives when possible. The subordinate Commander is spared the necessity for decision ; his duty is to carry out orders. Commanders have to plan and think, and in order that they may do so to the best advantage they generally live in more comfortable surroundings than their subordinate officers and the soldiers in the ranks, who, provided they are well fed, can carry out their General's orders : *their* first duty is obedience. There is a Brigadier-General who has lost one hand and one eye in this war and received wounds in the thigh and the neck. He is not yet forty years old and when the war began he held the rank of Captain in a British Cavalry Regiment. On one occasion an attack in force by the enemy had surprised and overwhelmed a portion of his brigade. For a few moments the situation was very serious. The gallant General picked up a bucket of bombs and slung it on to his arm that had no hand. Each bomb has a pin in it that has to be pulled out, after which the bomb is timed to explode in a few seconds. The General dashed ahead of his confused and hesitating

force and tore pin after pin from the bombs with his teeth and flung them at the enemy with his one remaining hand. That brave fighting figure drew the staggering regiment after him with a shout of fervour that was soon a cry of victory. He had proved himself a Leader of Men. He did not think of safeguarding what his years of service had already won ; his promotion, his pay, his high military rank—he merely justified his right to possess them by risking them and his life once again in the service of the King from whom he received them.

Below the Commanders who hold the rank of General Officers, we have the commanders of regiments, or battalions, or groups of artillery. These are the officers who are in direct personal touch with their soldiers. The men who in the happy old days of the Army in India called their soldiers their 'babas' and cared for them as for their own children. In these present times, though officers and men constantly change, the old spirit and principle still remain. The regiment and the battalion are the family of which the Commandant is the Head. Has Jowand Singh a land case—the Commandant takes the matter up. Has Inayat Lattaf's wife run away—it is the Commandant who gives him leave and a letter to the Deputy Commissioner. Should a soldier, British or Indian, be killed—it is the Commandant who writes words of praise and condolence to widow or parents.

To be the 'father' of the regiment—that is the first duty of the Commandant as conceived by the English and the French. To the French Colonel his men are always 'my children.' To the English Colonel in India in the old times his men were his 'baba-log' and he was their 'ma-bap' ; and to the English Colonel of to-day the men are 'my men', which is as affectionate a term as the old one and means the same thing. The pay of a Lieutenant-Colonel commanding a British or Indian regiment does not represent as large an

income as can be earned by a successful man who has selected the law, medicine, or engineering for his profession. A clever business man may make as much money in a day as the Colonel of a regiment receives for a whole year of service. The rewards of the military service are not financial rewards. A senior officer is rewarded for distinguished service by being made a Knight or Companion of one of the many Orders of which the King-Emperor is the Head. In Westminster Abbey —the great Church in London in which the Kings of England are crowned—is a Chapel which is set apart for the Knights of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, and above the seats of the Knights their Flags hang.

And now we come to the regimental officers, from the second in command to the last joined Lieutenant, or the last promoted Jemadar. Officers of the same regiment speak of each other as 'brother-officers'. It is their duty and their pleasure to be constantly with their men in work and at play. That is the right spirit ; for those who are liable to give their lives together in war must live those lives together in peace and know each other well. Discipline and punishments are necessary, for the hearts of men are hard and certain orders and regulations must be obeyed. But orders and regulations are framed purely for the better service of the State, and for the health and contentment of the men. In well-behaved regiments punishments are seldom necessary, though certain races are less orderly than others and their officers have to exercise more authority in maintaining discipline. In all regiments of the British Empire, be they raised in Great Britain, the Dominions, or India, this spirit of personal relationship with the men is taught. This relationship should be easy for Indian officers of Indian regiments because their men are of their own race and tribe and clan. There is no higher praise for a regimental officer than the simple words, ' His men loved him.'

Before the Great War, British officers obtained their commissions as second-lieutenants after going through a course and passing examinations at Sandhurst or Woolwich. A few entered the Army from Oxford or Cambridge as 'University Candidates'. The Prince of Wales was an undergraduate at Oxford before joining the Grenadier Guards as a Second-Lieutenant. A number of young officers were the sons of very wealthy men and entered the Army for a few years from patriotism, from the pleasure they found in the profession, or because their fathers considered the military discipline good for them. Many men who did not wish to make the Army their profession felt it their duty to their King and Country to prepare for the possibility of their services being needed in War. Such men entered Territorial battalions and Yeomanry regiments and did a certain amount of military training every year. It has been the custom of the Royal Family that its sons should serve in the Navy and Army but not follow any other profession. It is not the King's custom to bestow exceptional promotion upon the members of his family. The Prince of Wales has fought all through the Great War and is not yet a Major.

Roughly speaking, the education of an Officer who obtained a commission in the Army from Sandhurst, Woolwich, or the Universities, cost his father not less than fifteen hundred pounds (Rs. 22,500) and his uniform cost not less than fifty pounds. After he entered the Army he had several examinations to pass and the tests of his practical efficiency were many and thorough. The most important quality in an Officer was and is *character*. Brains and good birth, education and discipline, danger and hard work and manly exercises at sport and games, helped to produce and develop the necessary type of man.

Since the beginning of the Great War, Officers have received their commissions after passing through Sandhurst and

Woolwich and after passing through a period of training in the Officers' Training Corps, or they have been promoted from that gallant and efficient body of men, the non-commissioned officers. In nearly every public school in England there is a School Cadet Corps which gives a preliminary training. On active service the losses of officers have been higher in proportion than the losses of the rank and file, and this is very specially the case in the Indian Army.

Tales of heroism are appreciated by the youth of the whole world and it is good for us occasionally to read them in the few simple official words in which they are made known through the press :—"Captain Francis Octavius Grenfell, 9th Lancers. For gallantry in action against unbroken infantry at Andregnies, Belgium, 24th August, 1914, and for gallant conduct in assisting to save the guns of the 119th Battery Royal Field Artillery near Douban the same day." This officer, who was a superb polo player, received the Victoria Cross for valour but gave his life for his comrades in arms. Very brief too is the official statement of a long and terrible day and task. "Captain William Henry Johnston, Royal Engineers. At Missy on 14th September under a heavy fire all day until 7 p.m. worked with his own hands two rafts, bringing back wounded and returning with ammunition ; thus enabling the advanced brigade to maintain its position across the river." In this action we see little of the officer in his position of commander ; we see him setting a standard—working with his hands, serving the helpless, carrying heavy weights. And lastly, read the tale of the man whose duty it is to save life when all else are dealing death—the tale of the military doctor—"Captain Harry Sherwood Ranken, Royal Army Medical Corps. For tending wounded in the trenches under rifle fire and shrapnel fire at Hautvesnes on 19th September, and on 20th September continuing to attend the wounded after his thigh and leg had been

shattered. Has since died of wounds." These brief reports could be multiplied by thousands. The position of an officer of the King is not a position of privilege, but of responsibility and trust.

Among the millions of men now under arms are thousands of unknown heroes, but let it always be remembered that the teacher and the leader in all the achievements of military men who fight for us to-day is the old Regular Army of Great Britain, small, disciplined, expert in arms, chivalrous, brave beyond words. And the younger Army of India has followed, unfalteringly, close in its footsteps since 1748. The armies of the Empire stand forth as the champions of right and freedom, serving their King. In so doing they express the will of an Empire that contains in itself free men of every race. And our armed men by land and sea obey their King and Government in all things. The Sikh from the Punjab, the Bengali, the Rajput, the Maratha, the Jat, Gurkha, Dogra, Brahman, Punjabi Mahomedan, and Pathan, the farmer from Canada or Australia, the landowner from the British Isles, the student from Oxford and Cambridge, have given up their lives together for no other cause than the freedom of the world from tyranny and wrong. Their memories will live for generations, and it may well be said of them in the beautiful words of an old Jewish writer,

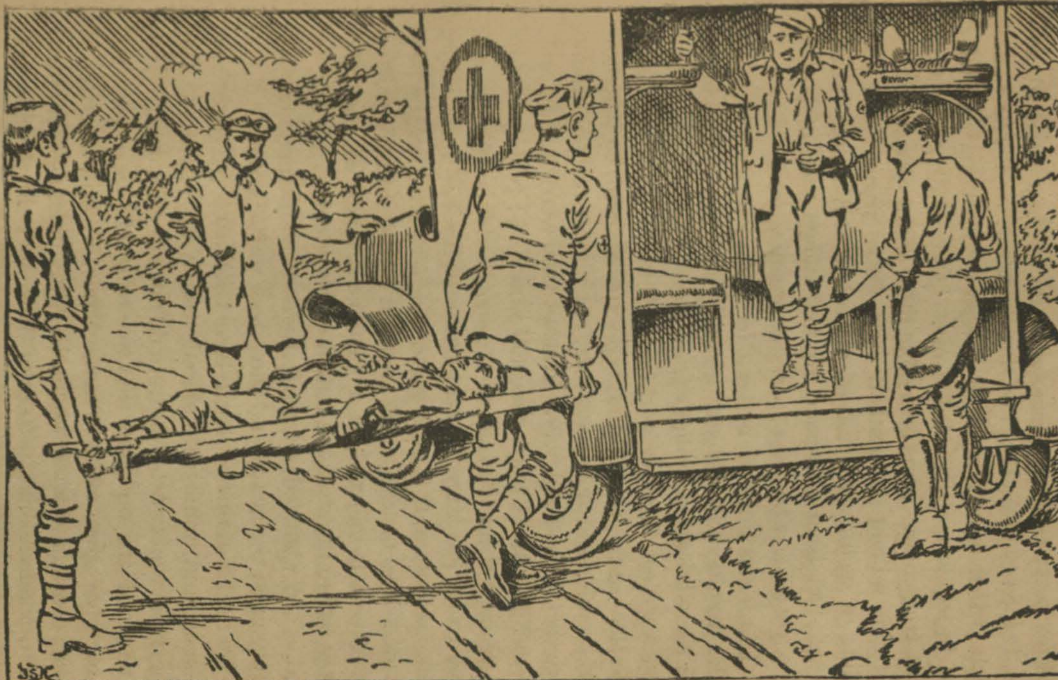
"'For they shall be Mine', said the Lord of Hosts,
'In the day when I make up my Jewels.'"

VI

THE WORK OF THE RED CROSS IN THE WAR

You may see the sign of the Red Cross painted on trains, on motors, on hospital ships; and flags with its scarlet mark wave above hospitals, while orderlies wear it on their arm-bands and nurses sew it on to their aprons. It means service and protection to the sick and wounded all the world over. It is the beloved sign on the gifts of labour and affection freely bestowed upon soldiers and naval men by those for whom they fight. And the Red Cross does not only proclaim care for fellow-countrymen; the 'bhai-bund' of the Red Cross is greater than that. Allies, and even the enemy wounded, receive benefits and rescue from its work. All civilized nations respect it, and the fact that in the Great War Germans *fired* on it proved to us that we were dealing with a foe that had no sense of honour.

When the war began the British Red Cross Society was working on a very small scale. A Secretary and a couple of clerks were its staff, in a little office in London, and £7,000 (Rs. 105,000) represented its available funds! The Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem joined forces and together they grew as swiftly as the Army, gathering strength from the energy and compassion of many thousand minds, hearts, and hands. Rich and poor gave with equal generosity; women sold their jewels and sent the money to the Red Cross, children refrained from buying sweets and sent what they saved to the Society! Public bodies and companies subscribed huge sums and the great Trade Funds gave ungrudgingly. Men who own land where coal is found, and the strong men who work in their coal mines, combined together and paid for motors fitted up for the comfort of sick and wounded men. That great power, the Press, which can be



Removing the Wounded by Motor Ambulance

used for petty political purposes or for mighty national service, helped the Red Cross by its influence, and *The Times*, which is the most famous of British newspapers, opened a fund in support of the Red Cross. 'Our Day' collections raised tremendous sums and after three years of war not less than nine million pounds had been freely given. The controlling of such a vast sum of money is not simple work; the task has been entrusted to well-known men of honour and experience who are experts in organization.

The horrors of war make a terrible picture. The needs of the wounded are ghastly needs. Men have limbs blown from their bodies, are blinded, disfigured, paralysed. Their arteries are cut through and their life-blood flows out. And while they suffer, the fighting rages round them, so that now their friends, and now their foes, are masters of the ground where they lie so helplessly. Perhaps they were already cold, wet and exhausted when they fell wounded; perhaps before help reaches them the rain or the snow falls, or the hot sun comes to its full strength and beats pitilessly upon them. Often, very often, it is *all a question of time* whether the poor wounded live or die. If a wound can be skilfully treated soon after it is inflicted, if a man can be given care and shelter before his strength fails him, his precious life may be saved. The wounded are perfectly helpless men and depend entirely upon the mercy and the labour of the strong.

No reader of this book can have failed to learn that there is a great and wonderful comradeship in the Army. The soldiers and the stretcher-bearers do not fail each other. But the needs of the wounded who live to reach some place of comparative safety away from the Front, are still a matter of life and death, and those whom the Army defends,—old men, women, children—begin to take their share in the fine task of helping the soldiers, directly the wounded are brought in from the battle.

Civilian doctors and nurses were sent to Belgium by the Red Cross eight days after war was declared and did splendid work there. England will never forget the name of Edith Cavell, an English nurse in Brussels, who tended friend and foe alike, and was condemned to death by the Germans for helping her countrymen to escape from their clutches. The American representative did all he could to have the cruel sentence changed, but in vain; and they shot her! The execution was carried out by a firing party of German soldiers, and their officer completed the dreadful deed with his revolver. At the news of her fate, so brutal and revengeful, men throughout the United Kingdom hurried to the Recruiting Officers and were enrolled in the Army in order to fight the nation which had slain a merciful and saintly Englishwoman. The Germans increased the force against them by that vile and foolish act of harshness to a nurse. Though her story will never die, yet there are ten thousand other untold histories of the self-sacrifice and courage of nurses under fire, in terrible heat, on the sea endangered by submarines, in Serbia and Roumania and Russia during the horror and confusion of retreat and in epidemics of illness which threatened to kill nurse and patient together. In all gentleness and kindness, they have nursed men of every race—English, Scotch, Irish, Canadian, Australian, men from New Zealand and Ceylon, from South Africa and India, Pathan, Brahman, Dogra, Maratha, Madrasi—the fighting men of every creed and country. Nor have they only nursed back to life those who have fought for them; they have given the same care to those who sought to destroy their country and were brought to hospital wounded. Some nurses belonged to the Military Nursing Societies, but many simply joined the Red Cross and gave up the ordinary life of leisure of an English lady, to take orders from doctors and senior nurses, to see dreadful sights and hear horrible



The Execution of Nurse Cavell

cries—to wash, feed, clothe, bandage, and bring back to health, those who were injured in War.

Nursing requires skill and training, and not every young strong Englishwoman had the necessary experience; so, as the class from whom Europeans receive domestic service was not numerous enough to supply all the thousands of new hospitals with labour, hundreds of ladies volunteered for domestic work. These were known as the Voluntary Aid Detachment and are generally spoken of briefly as the 'V.A.D.' Young, active, patriotic, brave—and quite undismayed by such a departure from custom—these noble women may be seen at a dozen humble and self-sacrificing tasks. Ladies who have been accustomed to rise late and find a well-ordered household in which all meals are prepared and served by servants; ladies who have never known the need of going out in rain, cold, or excessive heat; ladies who have had much leisure for amusements;—now rise early, and prepare and serve meals, and go out in all weathers, and work for long hours when they are weary. They do this for men who in times of peace might have been their servants, they do it for complete strangers. No praise can be high enough for these good women, who have continued to work day and night through the great struggle. By the beginning of the year 1918, there were nearly eleven hundred V.A.D.'s working for the comfort of those who fought for them.

It is easy to picture the sufferings of wounded men who have to be moved along rough roads, from the fields and nullahs where the fighting takes place, to hospitals, trains, and ships. To spare them pain, people gave money to have specially prepared motor ambulances built for their use. Far away from any signs of war, some of these may be seen with the Red Cross painted on them climbing up the long hill from Rawalpindi to Murree carrying soldiers and sepoys who are ill, to the cool air. By the end of 1917 the Red Cross Society

had 3,000 of these motors, distributed in every country where the Great War was raging. Over one hundred were in Mesopotamia. All these ambulance motors required drivers, and as all strong men were needed for the Army, Navy, and munitions, many women drove motor ambulances. Two hundred and forty women in France, whether it rained or snowed or was hot and dusty, far from their own homes, among strangers, drove motor ambulances with their burden of wounded men, and in so doing braved long-range shells flung by the enemy upon all roads where transport served the Army, and dared the bombs dropped by enemy aircraft. One woman ambulance driver was so badly injured that she had to have her leg cut off, yet she wrote to her superior officer many times to ask when she might return to her work! It was a woman's convoy of motor ambulances that in 18 months carried over seventeen thousand men, who were so badly wounded that they had to lie down, and over sixteen thousand cases who were able to sit up. The Lady Commandant of that convoy was mentioned in despatches after the great Battle of the Somme for travelling 1,500 miles in one day with her convoy of twelve cars, every car of which was driven by a woman. When the badly armed but brave Russian regiments were driven back from the Roumanian Frontier which they were trying to defend, it was English, Irish and Scotch women who drove motors towards the advancing foe, picked up the poor wounded, who struggled along roads filled with the confused traffic of a great army in retreat, and drove them back to the British Red Cross Hospital.

The Red Cross gave much help to Italy. It sent three units of motor ambulances and it sent two motor X-ray units. When a wound makes an internal injury so that the doctor cannot *see* what is wrong, he needs a picture of the wound and this can only be obtained by taking a photograph of it

by a strong light known as X-rays. Two patriotic women raised funds to purchase the X-ray equipment for one of these motors and took the necessary photographs themselves under shell fire. The King of Italy pinned the Italian bronze medal for bravery on to their dresses. Among the mountains of the Italian Frontier the British ambulances shared in every Italian offensive and one Commandant was awarded the silver medal for valour. Something of the hard work they performed can be realized from the fact that in one year they carried a quarter of a million wounded and covered nearly a million miles. It was on the Italian Front that a British ambulance driver saw an Italian who had fallen, shot through the neck by an Austrian sniper. The driver stopped his motor on the steep road and hurriedly lifted the wounded man into the seat behind him; and then with one hand he had to drive his motor while with the other he pressed his thumb over the hole in the Italian's neck. He brought his charge safely to hospital and the doctor, admiring but amused, remarked, "Well, my man, you have saved the soldier's life, but if you had gone any further like that, you would have throttled him!"

The energy and sympathy of the Red Cross helped the wounded by rail as well as by road, and by the beginning of 1916 four hospital trains, which were fitted up with everything that could give relief to the suffering soldiers, were at work on the Western Front. It was in one of them that the King-Emperor was brought down to the base on his way home—travelling just like one of his own soldiers—after his visit to the troops at the Front when he met with a severe accident. It is not unusual to see the crowd of people at a railway station all rise to their feet as a mark of respect to the wounded, slowly passing through in a great train marked with the Red Cross; all other traffic makes way for these men who have made so noble a sacrifice.

The Armies of Great Britain went so far during the first few years of the war that it was difficult for the Red Cross to give its aid quickly to certain countries where transport and climate created tremendous difficulties. However, very soon after the Gallipoli Expedition began, the Red Cross sent little boats, which were fitted up with motor engines, to help in removing the wounded from the shore to the big hospital ships. The same kind of boats, known as motor launches, was sent from London and Bombay to Mesopotamia and did splendid service there by bringing the wounded and sick down the River Tigris to hospitals at the base. In British advances these boats followed the Army closely, tied up to the river bank, and waited for the wounded. Much of the transport took place on pitch black nights and in great heat. Besides the motor launches a special motor hospital ship, called the *Nabha*, was given by His Highness the Maharajah of Nabha. It was fitted up with machinery to make ice, and on its first trip to Baghdad it distributed tons of ice to the hospitals.

Wherever the Army laid down its glorious burden of wounded men, hospitals sprang up. In England great landowners gave their houses for that sacred purpose and hundreds of hotels were converted into hospitals. In India many an Indian ruler has lent his house to be used as a hospital or convalescent home for officers and men. And in India, as everywhere else, men have given time and skill to aid the wounded in their efforts to recover not only their health but their power to earn money. There are special hospitals for mending shattered faces, and where men without legs and arms are taught to make full use of their artificial limbs. The blind are taught to work with their hands, and how to read by passing their fingers over specially prepared books made with raised letters. In Bombay there is a splendid institution called

Queen Mary's Technical School for teaching disabled Indian soldiers various trades. Each man is supplied with his bedding and clothes and food throughout his course and is given his return ticket to his home. He chooses whichever trade he prefers to learn, and is supplied with tools. Men are taught agriculture, poultry-farming, motor car-driving, engineering, carpentering, tailoring, and other trades, and by such knowledge can earn pay in addition to their wound pensions.

The Red Cross helps mourners as well as the sick and wounded. When a soldier is reported 'missing' his family are left in terrible doubt as to his fate. He went into action surrounded by many men, and perhaps it seems strange to them that his lot is unknown. But we must try to realize that war is a state of confusion for those who fight at close quarters with the enemy. A regiment attacks an enemy trench and takes it: the men then have time to talk to each other and to attend to the wounded and count the dead. But when the counter-attack comes, if they have to retire from the captured trench, more men are killed, and perhaps few survive who could have given news of the fate of those who were injured in the advance. Fighting with the bayonet, taking aim with his rifle, throwing a bomb—what opportunity does a soldier have of noticing what happens to his comrades? There falls a great silence as to the lot of those who are not brought into the field ambulances. Later the Red Cross searchers visit all the hospitals and make enquiries, and in that way news of the 'missing' is sometimes gathered for the comfort of breaking hearts.

Busy merchants and men in shops can appreciate the work which the Red Cross has carried out all over the great war areas in its huge Stores Department. It sells nothing, it gives everything. Its workers receive no wage. From its busy headquarters they send out countless comforts for the sick and wounded. There are depots at the base, and advanced

stores near the fighting lines. The workers toil all day, and every day fetch and carry, pack and send away. Always haste, more haste—for the needs of the suffering cannot endure delay. To-morrow may be too late. Those who labour in the stores of the Red Cross try to defeat the hands of the clock for they know well that every second some gallant young man, the beloved son of his mother, receives a wound and the tick of the clock means for him a throb of pain. It is the proud claim of the Stores that they have been able to meet *every* demand. The Red Cross staff are proud of the name of the Red Cross, and it is not enough for them to do their best —that best must be *splendid.* Beds and bedding, surgical instruments, chloroform and medicines, clothes and bandages, milk and food of many kinds—all these things come out of the stores and its expenditure on the needs of the fighting men has been over Rs. 15,000,000 in a year. None of this money comes from taxes ; it is voluntarily given as presents by one and all. In India, as in the rest of the Empire, every place of any size has rooms set aside where English, and sometimes Indian, ladies work to provide the sick and wounded with the comforts which they so greatly need. The stores are a progressive service and make use of all kinds of transport,—an aeroplane daily delivered its gifts to medical units in the Egyptian deserts ! The work of the Red Cross is the work of civilization, for it seeks to improve the lot of the most gallant forces in the world—THE ARMY AND NAVY.

The British Empire has fed the enemy prisoners in its hands without luxury yet without stint, but to the everlasting disgrace of the barbaric Hun the British and Indian prisoners in the hands of Germany *have been starved.* Our Government, therefore, had to make plans for sending food to them. The Red Cross was given the gigantic task of organizing and controlling most of this work. So much food had been sent by

August, 1917, that 500,000 parcels had been despatched from the largest of the Red Cross depots alone.

An account of the work of the Red Cross may seem far from thrilling by comparison with the work of soldiers, but a knowledge of its achievements is necessary knowledge for any boy who will one day be a citizen or a soldier. It is an organization in which a man or woman labours for the good of the community at large; for strangers, and not merely for the good of his or her own family; quite simple, practical good. The Society relieves pain—that terrible enemy of mankind whether in war or peace. It gives hospitality and clothes—not to the people who are poor and in difficulties, but to men, *rich and poor alike,* who, for the time being, are away from all that is luxurious and comfortable, away from *the necessities of life.* It gives to those who have made sacrifices. It treats rich men, poor men, high caste and low caste, with the same kindness. It nurses an enemy and gives with both hands to a friend. It never puts off till to-morrow what can be done to-day. It makes no difference between men of different creeds. Its adventures are as fine as its ideals. The boats which crept up the Tigris to the rescue, the motor launches that rushed through a sea upon which shells fell like rain...... what the men in them must have hoped and dared! The women driving motor ambulances towards the foe, their hands on the steering gear numb with cold, the rain lashing their faces .... their hands and hearts must have served them well! The man in the air passing the birds of the air with his store of comforts for the suffering ......how far he soared above the highest dream of his boyhood! This may be said of all who work for the Red Cross—they have a splendid fellowship with all mankind!

VII

GALLANT DEEDS OF INDIAN SOLDIERS

THE TRUTH

Here is a tale of how fighting men of an Indian Cavalry regiment took vitally important information from General Townshend's Division to a Brigade ten miles away at the peril of their lives. Very few of us would perish if we did not receive information to-day as to the whereabouts of those who live in our neighbourhood, but if existence depended upon such knowledge, how anxiously we should await the tidings, and how eagerly we should hope that postmen, railway-men, engine-drivers, printers, editors, and all the rest of them were courageous and utterly unselfish and intent on giving us the truth ! Try to picture a Brigade waiting all night to receive information upon which its movement and its life must depend. Only a few miles away General Townshend's Division was slowly retiring from Ctesiphon with two Turkish Divisions dogging its footsteps. Our Division bivouacked for the night, and when the light had faded from the sky the enemy opened rifle-fire and gun-fire upon our camps and the Turks and Arabs prowled all round it, making a complete circle of danger through which any messenger would have to pass in order to take an account of the true state of affairs to the little Brigade, so that the latter might play its helpful and terribly important part in the rearguard action which would have to be fought in the morning. Truth and knowledge are always precious things, but when life and victory depend on them they are beyond all price, and a brave man must be prepared to purchase them, or to bestow them upon his comrades, cost what it may. Knowing that everything hung upon the true facts of the situation



"They groped their way by the bank of the river"

reaching the Brigade, two British Officers and twelve Indian soldiers volunteered to be the messengers. Three of the Indians were Mahomedans: Sowar Abdul Shakur of Kalanaur village in the district of Rohtal, Sowar Ghulam Mahamed of the same village, and Sowar Ali Mahamed Khan of the village of Jamalpur in the district of Hissar. There were also three Jats: Sowar Parmeshrei of the village of Maham in the district of Rohtak, Sowar Jug Lall of the village of Mahri in the district of Delhi, and Sowar Nangh Singh from the village of Dauki in the Jind State. With them went four gallant Sikhs: Lance Dafadar Saran Singh and Lance Dafadar Kehar Singh, both from the village of Gujar Wal in the Ludhiana district, Sowar Magar Singh from the village of Mehman Singh Wala, also in the Ludhiana district, and Sowar Subah Singh from the village of Jhamki Khurd. The heroic party of soldiers was completed by two Dogras, Lance Dafadar Genda Singh of the village of Herwan in the district of Hoshiarpur, and Sowar Sultan Singh of the village of Suhe Chak in the district of Katuha. Here you see five races, British, Mahomedan, Jat, Sikh, Dogra, combining together to deliver true tidings to men who were their brothers-in-arms, but of whom perhaps they did not know one man personally. Around them were strangers and foes and all the land was unknown to them and the night was very dark. A patrol boat tried to get down stream, but it ran aground and all its occupants were killed or captured by the enemy. In spite of the horror and discouragement of this failure, at 2 o'clock at night the handful of soldiers crept silently from the camp. There was only one path and that was held by cruel Arabs, so they groped their way by the bank of the river as a telegraph message goes by wire. But *they* were living flesh and blood and went in peril. They trusted each other and none thought of the differences of faith and race; their task was shared with all its dangers,—

they suspected none but the enemy and the sudden mysterious noises of the night, and the outlines of things dimly seen against the night sky. They had time for thought as the hours slipped away and one wonders what such men think of and how they control their minds; for the French people say, with wisdom, that courage is not the absence of fear but the control of it. All that time the Brigade waited in anxious ignorance for urgent news, and the Division knew that the action next day would depend on the fate of those brave messengers. There is an old English saying which declares that fortune favours the brave, and, as if by a miracle, the soldiers passed undetected through the length of all those perilous miles, and just as dawn broke they reached the Brigade and delivered General Townshend's orders. As a result the action next day was completely successful.

DISCIPLINE

Most boys who get into mischief wish they were invisible, and all hope for a day when they will perform some remarkable action which men will see and praise. But it is easier to picture such deeds than to perform them. Men act from habit or from impulse, and only discipline can overcome a habit or control an impulse. Soldiers often have to act in such a way as to conceal themselves from the enemy and endeavour to puzzle and surprise him. Yet the very same man, who in the dark must avoid all noise and every position which might betray his stealthy approach to the enemy, must be willing at the word of command to throw away all such caution and advance boldly across open ground, exposed to the enemy's fire. On both occasions a brave soldier acts for the good of his comrades and in careful obedience to orders, without thought of self. Lance Naik Makhmad Din, of the village of Tabbi Sir, in the tahsil of Isa Khel, a Khattak of the Bargi Khel, while in Mesopotamia, on April 17, 1916, was carrying a large flag. Some, who purchase a small flag on

'Our Day' in India and wear it proudly because they have given a sum of money in a good cause, might not care to change places with Makhmad Din and possess his flag which rendered him a conspicuous figure when the moment arrived for storming the Turkish trenches. Our guns gave the attacking infantry regiment splendid support and our men turned the enemy out of the first trenches with the bayonet and advanced so quickly that they reached a certain point before the time agreed upon. Some of our guns could not see how far their dash had led the gallant troops, and continued to bombard the trench after it was in our possession. Now the flag which Makhmad Din carried was given to him to use for the information of the gunners at just such a crisis as this ; so he jumped on to the parapet of the captured trench with all our shrapnel and high explosives bursting around him. He was a soldier trained to make use of anything that might conceal him or protect him, but also trained to discard all instinct to seek shelter when duty bade him expose himself. He lifted his flag high in both hands ; standing there, a gallant figure indeed, without haste and without hesitation for three or four slow and terrible moments. From head to foot and from hand to the very crest of the flag his standing figure told the tale to the Artillery,—"We are here. This is now our trench. Lift this storm of death and strike beyond us to where the Turks still stand at bay ! " Thus, not in words but in deeds of daring, do soldiers speak.

RESPECT FOR VETERANS

The night was black as a crow. The month was the cold month of December and the year was 1914. The land was the land of France. In the dark trenches near Festhubert were a British Officer, an Indian Officer, and an Indian orderly. All their comrades had been killed, wounded or driven back. Those three were the only men of their regiment to reach the enemy's line, and the night was their only friend,

for when the day chased the night from the sky they were certain to perish uselessly at the hands of the enemy who were present in overwhelming numbers. So the British Officer gave the order to withdraw, there being no possibility of support reaching them. The orderly was a young man and a strong one, but the Indian Officer was an aged man and in a very exhausted state from exposure and the great effort he had made. His heart was youthful, but his body was the body of a veteran. The three soldiers walked cautiously down a narrow trench, and then there lay before them 1200 yards of open ground without any cover. As they reached it the friendly night retreated and the daylight told the enemy of their presence. The Germans immediately opened heavy fire upon them and the Indian orderly was wounded. The old warrior was too weak to cross the danger zone without assistance. Thus the British Officer had to decide to which of the two he would give his help—to the young man whose strength was only temporarily useless to the Army, or to the old man whose fighting days were numbered. Of himself he did not think at all. The Army recognises that at all costs *nothing* that is useful in war must be allowed to be lost or permitted to fall into the hands of the enemy. The young orderly was more useful to the Army than the old man, who would have to go on pension. Fighting men give their lives in order to save their ships, their guns, their rifles, ammunition, and stores from the enemy. But there is a spirit of chivalry in the Army which gives help to the helpless and reverence to grey hairs. Therefore the Officer first helped the old man, because he was an old man and feeble, grown grey in the service of his King. Slowly they walked across the open ground where the bullets fell like rain. Then they reached safety. It was the last march of the brave old Sardar, who had fought his final fight. He lives now in his own home, with a memory of fine homage paid to his years

and his service to keep him company. The British Officer crossed the 1200 yards of open space again and helped the wounded orderly back. Twice did bullets enter his clothes, but he lived to save both his friends, young and old.

FAITHFUL DEVOTION

A brave man fights for freedom. No fate is more repugnant to a soldier than that of a prisoner-of-war. Sepoy Kirpa Ram, a Dogra of the village of Dinuval in the district of Gurdaspur, is now a captive in the hands of the Germans, but though his cruel captors may mock him he holds the Indian Order of Merit. His splendid regiment led the attack on Moulin-de-Pietre during the Battle of Loos in France, in September, 1915, and Kirpa Ram, who was orderly to a Lieutenant, saw his officer fall wounded. He brought him water under heavy fire, and when their comrades received orders to fall back he said that he would not leave his young Sahib dead or alive but would remain with him to the last. Together they had charged the enemy's trench, together they remained when that trench was vacated; together the enemy seized them.

DETERMINATION

An old English saying declares, "Where there is a will there is a way", and Naik Gulab Khan of the village of Miara Shamas Wala in the district of Rawalpindi proved the truth of the words when by sheer determination he led his squad forward on January 26, 1917, and by the spirit of his own courage and fortitude so inspired his comrades that they turned defeat into victory on a day of particuarly heavy fighting. Such men are 'men of influence' indeed!

THE END

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